

The page is framed by a highly decorative border. At the top, a central cartouche features a sunburst and the words 'EPIGRAMATA'. On either side are winged cherubs. The sides of the border consist of two vertical columns with a diamond-patterned lattice and various ornaments. The bottom features a wide, symmetrical scrollwork design.

Tales / and quicke
answers , very mery ,
and pleasant to
rede .



Cbetable.



Cf bym that rode out of London, and
bad his seruaunt folowyng bym on
foote. i.

Cf bym that preached on saynte
Lbriosters day. ij.

Cf the frenche man that stroue with the Jan
waye for his armes. iij.

Cf the curate that sayde our lorde fedde fyue
hundred persones. iiij.

Cf bym that prosered his doughter to one in
maryage. v.

Cf the men of the countrey, that came to Lon
don to bye a crucifixe of wodde. vi.

Cf bym that solowed his wyfe to buryeng. viij.

Cf bym that selle in to the fyre. viij.

Cf bym that vsed to calle his seruaunte the
kyng of fooles. ix.

Cf the yonge woman, that sorowed so greatly
the deatbe of her hus bande. x.

Cf bym that kyssed the sayre mayde with the
longe nose. xi.

Cf the vplandysshe mans answere concernyng
the steple and pulpytte. xij.

Cf the beggers aunswere to mayster Skelton
the poete. xij.

Cf the chaplen that sayde our ladye mattens
lyenge in his bedde. xiiij.

Cf bym that loste his purse in London. xv.

Cf the marchaunt that loste his boudget be
twene ware and London. xvi.

aa. iij.

Of

ij.

- C**Of him that was called kockold .xvii.
COf the iolous man .xviii.
COf the fat woman that sat & solde frute .xix.
COf a poller that begyled a preste .xx.
COf Papirius pretextatus .xxi.
COf the corrupte man of lawe .xxii.
COf kynges Lowes of Fraunce and the busband
man Lonon .xxiii.
COf a picke thanke / that thought to begyle the
same moſte prudent kyng .xxiiii.
COf Thales the great astronomer, the whiche
ſelle in to a dicke .xxv.
COf the astronomer that theues robbed .xxvi.
COf the plough man that wolde ſaye his pater
noſter with a ſtedfaſt mynde .xxvii.
COf him that dreamed he founde golde .xxviii.
COf the crakyng yonge gentyll man that wold
ſwert browe his enemyes a myle of .xxix.
COf him that ſell of a tre and brake a rybbe in
his ſyde .xxx.
COf the fryer that brayed in his ſermon .xxxi.
CThe oration of thambaffadour that was ſent to
Pope Urban. .xxxii.
COf thambaffadour that was ſent to the prince
Agis .xxxiii.
CThe anſwere of Cleomenes to the Samiens
ambaffadour .xxxiiii.
COf the wyſe man Piſo, and his ſervant .xxxv.
COf the marchant that made a wager with his
lorde .xxxvi.
COf the ſcrowes that the frier gaue out againſt
the peſtilence .xxxvii.

- O**f the physition that vsed to wyte bylles ouer
 nyght called resceytes .xxxviii.
Of him that wolde comfesse him by a lybell in
 wrytyng .xxxix.
Of the berrite of Padowe .xl.
Of the vplandish man that saw the kyng .xli.
Of the courtier that bade the boye to holde
 his horse .xlii.
Of the deceyfull scriuener .xliii.
Of him that sayde he beleued his wyfe better
 than other, that he was chaste .xliv.
Of him that paid his det with cryeng bea .xlv.
Of the woman that appeled from kyng Philip
 to kyng Philip .xlvi.
Of the olde woman that prayd for the welfare
 of the tyran Denyse .xlvii.
Of the phisitian Eumonus .xlviii.
Of Socrates and his scoldyng wyfe .xlix.
Of the phisitian that bare his pacient on hand
 he had eaten an asse. l.
Of the inbolders wyfe, and her .ij. louers. li.
Of hym that healed franticke men. lii.
Of hym that sayd he was nat worthy to open
 the gate to the kyng. liii.
Of Mayster Nauasour and Turpyn his
 manne. liiii.
Of him that sought his wyfe, that was brow-
 ned, agaynst the streame. lv.
Of hym that at a skrymyss defended hym va-
 liantly with his feete. lvi.
Of hym that wolde gyue a songe to the tauer-
 ner for his dyner. lvii.

Of the foole that thought him selfe deed, what
he was a lyue. .lxvii.

Of the olde man and his sonne that brought
his asse to the towne to sylle .lx.

Of him that sought his asse, and rode vpon his
backe. .lx.

The answer of Fabius to Liuius. .lx.

The answer of Poltis the kynge of Trace to
the Troyan ambassadours. .lxii.

The wyse answer of Daniball to kynge Antio-
chus concerninge his ryche army. .lxiii.

The wordes of Popilius the Romain ambassa-
dour to Antiochus the kynge .lxiiii.

Of him that loued the marchantes wyse .lxv.

Of the woman that couered her beed, and she
wed vp her tayle .lxvi.

How Alexander was monished to see the firste
that he mette. .lxvii.

How the aunciente cyte of Lamsac was saued
from destruction .lxviii.

How Demosthenes defended a mayde .lxix.

Of him that desyred to be a gentylman .lxx.

Of the gentyllman and his brewd wife .lxxi.

Of the two yonge men that rode to walsyn-
gham to gether .lxxii.

Of the yong man of Brugis & his spouse. lxxiii.

Of him that made as he badde ben a chaste ly-
uer. .lxxiiii.

Of him that the olde roode sell on. .lxxv.

Of the wydowe that wolde not wedde for bo-
dely pleasure .lxxvi.

Of the couetous ambassadour, that wold bere
no

no musike for sparinge of his purse .lxxvii.

CHowe Denyse the tyran of Syracuse serued a
couetouse man .lxxix.

COf the olde man that quyngered the boy oute
of the aple tre with stones .lxxx.

COf the ryche man that was sycke and wolde
nat receyue a glyster lxxxi.

COf him that seyned him selfe deed, to proue
what his wyse wolde do .lxxxii.

COf the poure man in to the whose house the
ues brake by nyght .lxxxiii.

COf him that shulde haue ben hanged for his
scoffinge and iestyng .lxxxiiii.

COf him that had his goose stole .lxxxv.

COf the begger that sayde he was of kynne to
kyng Philip of Macedone .lxxxvi.

COf Dantes answer to the icster .lxxxvij.

COf hym that had sore eies. lxxxviij.

COf the olde woman that had sore eies. lxxxix.

COf hym that had the custody of a warde. xc.

COf the excellent peynter, that hadde soule
chyl dren. xli.

COf the scoffer that made one a southsayer xliij.

COf the marchant of Florence, Charles. xliij.

COf the chesshire man called Eulyn. xliij.

COf hym that desyred to be sette vpon the pyl-
lorie. xlv.

COf the wydowes daughter, that was sente to
the abbot with a couple of capons. xlii.

COf the two men that dranke a pynte of whyte
wyne to gether. xlvij.

COf the doctour that desyred to go with a fou-
ler

ler to catche byrdes. xlvij.

Of hym that yndertoke to teache an alle to
spelle and rede. xlix.

Of the fryer that confessed the sayre womā. l.

Of the chapplen of Louen called syz Antonye
that deceyued an yserr. li.

Of the same chaplen and his spiter. lii.

Of the olde manne that putte hym selfe in his
sonnes bandes. liij.

Of hym that hadde a flye peynted in his
shilde. liii.

Of theemperour Augustus & the olde men. lvi.

Of Pbocius oration to the Arbeniens. lvi.

Of Demosthenes and Pbocion. lvii.

Of the aunswere of Pbocion to them that
brought hym a great gyfte from Alexander. lviiij.

Of Denyse the tyran and his sonne. lix.

Of Pomponius the Romaine that was take
and brought before Dithridates. lx.

Of Titus and the scoffer. lxi.

Of Scipio Nasica, and Ennius the poete. lxij.

Of Fabius Minutius and his sonne. lxij.

Of Aurelian the emperor, that was displea-
sed, by cause the citie Tyana was closed agaynst
hym. lxiiij.

Thus endeth the
Table.



Of hym that rode out of London and had
his seruaunt solowyng on foote. i.



There was a manne on a tyme
that rode. v. myle out of Lon-
don, and had his seruaunt solo-
wyng after him on fote, the whi-
che came so nere, that the horse
strake hym a great stroke vpon
the thye. The seruaunte thyn-
kyng to be reuenged, toke and
threwe a great stone at the horse, and bytte his may-
ster on the raynes of the backe, who thought it had
bene his horse. He within a whyle loked backe and
chydde his seruaunte bycause he came baltynge so
farre behynde: the seruaunt answered: Sir your
horse hath gyuen me suche a stroke vpon my thygh;
that I can go no faster. Trewely sayde his mayster,
the horse is a great kyckar, for lyke wyse with his
bele right now he gaue me a great stroke vpon the
raynes of my backe.

Of hym that preached on saynt Christopher's day. is.

A fryere that preached vpon a saynt Christopher's
daye, greatly laudyng saynte Christopher, sayde:
what a prerogatyue hadde he here in erthe; in his
armes to beare our sauoure? was there ever any
lyke hym in grace? A homely blount felowe beryng
hym aske twyse or thryse that question so earnestly,
answered: yes mary, The asse that bare both hym
and his mother.

Of the frenche man, that strone with the
Janway for his armes. iiii.

There was one amonge the Janwayes, that the
frenche kyng had byrzed to make warre agaynst the
Englysshe men, whiche bare an oxe beed peynted in
his shelde: the whiche shelde a noble mā of France
challenged: and so longe they stroue, that they must
nedes fyght for it. So at a day and place appoynted
the frenche gallaunt came into the felde ryche ly
armed at all peces. The Janway all vnarmed came al
so in to the felde, and said to the frenche man, wher
fore shall we this day fyght? Mary sayd the frenche
man, I wyll make good with my body, that these
armes were myne auncetours before thyne. what
were your auncetours armes, quod the Janwaye?
An oxe beed, sayd the frenche man. Than sayde the
Janwaye, here nedeth no batayle: For this that I
beare is a cowes beed.

By this tale ye perceyue howe nyce ly the vayne
braggyng of the frenche man was verdyed.

Of the curate that sayde our lordes
sedde. V. L. persons. iiii.

A certayne curate preachyng on a tyme to his
parysshe sayde, that our lord with fyue loues
sedde. v. hundred persones. The clerke heryng
hym sayle, sayde softely in his eare: Sir ye erre, the
gospell is. v. thousande. Wolde thy peace soole said
the curate, they wyll scantly beleue, that they were
fyue hundred.

Of hym that profered his daughter in mariage. V.

There

There was a man vpon a tyme, w hiche profered
his doughter to a yonge man in mariage, the which
yonge manne refused her, sayenge, that she was to
yonge to be maryed. Jwys, quod her foolyshe fa-
ther she is more able than ye wene. For she hath
borne. iii. children by our paryshe clerke.

To by this tale ye se, that soles can nat telle what
and whan to speake, therfore it were best for them to
kepe alway silence.

Of them that came to London to bye a Crucifixe. vi.

There were certayne men vpon a tyme sent out of
a village to London to bye a Crucifixe of wodde.
The Lorde that they came to, seyng and beryng
by the wordes, that they were but folysshe blount
felowes, asked them, whether they wolde haue the
ymage a lyue or elles deade. whiche question so a-
basshed them, that they went a syde to deuise whe-
ther was beste. So whan they had spoken priuely
to gether, they came to the caruer agayne and said,
they wold haue the image a lyue: for if theyr neigh-
bours at home were nat so contente, they myghte
lyghtly kille hym.

Of hym that folowed his wyfe to buryenge. vii.

A man that wepyng folowed his wyfe to burya-
enge, rebuked his lyttel sonne, that wente with hym,
bycause he sange, sayenge, that he was peuysshe and
madde to synge at his mothers buryenge, but he
shulde rather be sovy and wepe. The chylde answe-
red: Father, seyng ye gyue to these prestes money
to synge at my mothers buryenge, why be ye angry
A.ij. with

with me, that aske you not bynge for my syngynge?
His father answered: the preestes offyce and thyne
is nat all one.

By this tale ye may perceyue that all thynges be
some nat every body.

Of hym that felle into the fyre. viii.

A felowe that was frowarde to his wyfe, vsed
to be oute drynkyng many tymes verye late. So
on a nyght he taryed so longe oute, that his wyfe
wente to bedde, and badde her mayde make a good
fyre, and tarye vp for hym. About. xij. of the clocke
home he came, and as he stode warminge him by
the fyre his bedde was so tottye, that he felle in to
the fyre. The mayde seing him fall ranne to the
to her maistres, and sayd: Alas my maister is fallen
and lyeth longe straughte in the fyre. No force
mayde said her maistres, let him lye & take his plea
sure in his owne house, where so euer him listeth.

**Of him that vsed to call his seruant
the kinge of foolcs. ix.**

There was a man that had a dulle lumpyll be fel
low to his seruant; wherfore he vsed commonly to
calle him the kinge of foolcs. The felowe at
laste waxed angry in his minde to be alway so called
and sayde to his mayster: I wolde that I were the
kinge of foolcs for than no man coulde compare with
me in largenes of kingedome, and also you shulde be
my subiect. By this, one may perceiue, that to moch
of one thing is not good: many one calleth an other
fole, and is more fole him selfe.

Of

Of the yonge woman that sorowed so
greatly for her husbandes death .v.

There was a yonge woman, the whiche for her
husbande that laye a dyenge, sorowed oute of all
measure, wherfore her father came often to her and
sayde: Daughter leaue your mourninge, for I haue
prouyded for you a nother husbande, a farre more
goodly man. But she did nat onely continue in her
sorowe, but also was greatly displeased, that her fa-
ther made any motion to her of an other husbande.
Assone as she had buried her husbande, and the
soule masse was songe, and that they were at dyner,
betwene sobbynge and wepyng she rownded her fa-
ther in the care, and sayde: Father, where is the
same yonge man, that ye said shuld be min husbande?
To this may ye se, that women sorowe ryght longe
after they: husbandes be departed to god.

Of him that kissed the mayde with the longe nose .vi.

A bablynge gentylman, the whiche on a tyme
wolde haue bassed a fayre mayde, that had nat the
leest nose, sayde: Howe shulde I kysse you: youre
nose wyll not suffre our lippes to mete? The mayde
waxinge shamsfast and angrye in her mynde, for with
his scoffe be a lyttell touched her, answered on this
wyse: Syr if ye can not kysse my mouth for my nose,
ye may kysse me there as I haue nere a nose.

ye may by this tale lerne, that hit is folye so to
scoffe, that youre selfe therby shulde be laughed to
scorne agayne. One that is ouer couetous ought
nat to attwite an other of prodigalite. Thou arte her
brother (sayd Alcmeon to Adrastus) that slewe her

Al.ij.

bus

husbande. But he blamed nat Alcmeo for an others
faute, but objected against him his owne. Thou hast
with thy bande (sayd he) slayne thin owne mother.
It is nat ynough to haue rebukes redie, and to speke
vyle wordes agaynst other: for he that so shuld do,
ought to be without any vyce. For of all men sayth
Plutarchus, he ought to be innocent and haue the
lyfe vnculpable, that wolde reprobende the fautes
of other. The lyttell morall booke saythe:

It is a soule thyng, wortbye rebuke and blame
A vyce to reprobende and do the same.

The Spanyssh mans answere, concer-
ninge the steple and pulpit. xii.

In a certayne place, on a tyme the peryss byns
had pulled downe theyr steple, and had buylded it
vp newe agayne, and had put out theyr belles to be
newe founded: and bycause they range nat at the
bysshops entrynge in to the village, as they were
wont and acustomed to do, he asked a good homely
man, whether they had no belles in theyr steple: he
answered, no. Than sayde the bysshop, ye may sylle
aweye your steple. why so, and please your lordship
sayd the man? Bycause hit stondeth vacant, said the
bysshop? Than sayde the man, we may well sylle
a way an other thyng, that we haue in our church,
what is that, sayd the bysshop, That is a pulpit qu
he. for this. vii. yere ther was no sermo made therin.

Of the beggers answere to M.
Skelton the poete. xiii.

A poure begger, that was soule, blacke, and loth-
lye to beholde, cam vpon a tyme vnto mayster Skel-
ton

ton the poete, and asked him his almes. To whom
mayster Skelton sayde: I praye the gette the awaye
fro me, for thou lokeste, as though thou camest out
of belle. The poure man perceyuing he wolde gyue
him no thyng, answerd: For soth sy: ye say trouth,
I came oute of belle. why dyddest thou nat tary styl
there, quod mayster Skelton: Mary sy: quod the
begger, there is no roume, for suche poure beggers
as I am, all is keppe for suche gentyl men as ye be.

¶ Of the chaplen, that sayde our
lady matens a bed. xliiii.

CA certayne lordes chaplen boasted on a tyme syt-
tyng at his lordes table, that he sayde our lady
matyns euery morninge besyde all his other seruice
and orisons. The lorde to proue whether his chaple
did as he sayde, arose yerly on a morninge, & went to
his chaplens chaber, & called him, saying: where be
ye sy: wylliam: Here & please your lordshyp (quod
he) in my bedde. why, sayd the lorde, I thought ye
had ben vp and sayenge of our lady matyns. I am
nowe sayinge it, quod the chappleyn. what henge in
your bedde, quod the lorde: why sy: sayd the chap-
plain, where shulde women be serued but a beddet.

¶ Of him that lost his purse in London. xlv.

CA certayn man of the countre, the whiche for bu-
sines came vp to London, lost his purse as he wente
late in the euenynge: And by cause the somme therin
was great, he sette vp bylles in dyuers places, that
if any man of the cyte had founde the purse, & wolde
brynge it agayne to him, he shulde haue welle for
his

husbande. But he blamed nat Alcmeo for an others
faute, but objected against him his owne. Thou hast
with thy bande (sayd he) slayne thin owne mother.
It is nat ynough to haue rebukes redie, and to speke
vyle wordes agaynst other: for he that so shuld do,
ought to be without any vyce. For of all men sayth
Plutarchus, he ought to be innocent and haue the
lyfe vnculpable, that wolde reprehende the fautes
of other. The lyttell morall boke saythe:

It is a soule thyng, wortbye rebuke and blame
A vyce to reprehende and do the same.

CThe Spanyssh mans answere, concer-
ninge the steple and pulpit. xii.

In a certayne place, on a tyme the peryss byns
had pulled downe theyr steple, and had buylded it
vp newe agayne, and had put out theyr belles to be
newe founded: and bycause they range nat at the
bysshops entrynge in to the village, as they were
wont and acustomed to do, he asked a good homely
man, whether they had no belles in theyr steple: he
answered, no. Than sayde the bysshop, ye may sylle
sweye your steple. why so, and please your lordship
sayd the man? Bycause hit stonde vacante, said the
bysshop? Than sayde the man, we may well sylle
a way an other thyng, that we haue in our churche,
what is that, sayd the bysshop, That is a pulpit qd
be. for this. vii. yere ther was no sermō made therin.

Of the Beggere answere to .B.
Shelton the poete. xiii.

A poure begger, that was soule, blacke, and loth-
lye to beholde, cam vpon a tyme ynto mayster Shel-
ton

ton the poete, and asked him his almes. To whom
mayster Skelton sayde: I praye the gette the awaye
fro me, for thou lokeste, as though thou camest out
of belle. The poure man perceyuing he wolde gyue
him no thyng, answerd: For soth syr ye say trouth,
I came oute of belle. why dyddest thou nat tary styl
there, quod mayster Skelton: Mary syr quod the
begger, there is no roume, for suche poure beggers
as I am, all is keppe for suche gentyl men as ye be.

¶ Of the chaplen, that sayde our
lady matens a bed. p.iii.

¶ A certayne lordes chaplen boyled on a tyme syt-
tyng at his lordes table, that he sayde our lady
matyns euey morninge besyde all his other seruice
and orisons. The lorde to proue whether his chaple
did as he sayde, arose yerly on a morninge, & went to
his chaplens chaber, & called him, saying: where be
ye syr wylliam: Here & please your lordshipp (quod
he) in my bedde. why, sayd the lorde, I thought ye
had ben vp and sayenge of our lady matyns. I am
nowe sayinge it, quod the chappleyn. what lienge in
your bedde, quod the lorde: why syr, sayd the chap-
plain, where shulde women be serued but a bedde?

¶ Of him that lost his purse in London. p.v.

¶ A certayn man of the countre, the whiche for bu-
sines came vp to London, lost his purse as he wente
late in the euenyng: And by cause the somme therein
was great, he sette vp bylles in dyuers places, that
if any man of the cyte had founde the purse, & wolde
bryng it agayne to him, he shulde haue welle for
his

his labour. A gentyll man of the Temple wrote vnder one of the byls, howe the man shulde come to his chamber, and tolde where. So whan he was come, the gentyll man asked him fyrst what was in the purse, secondli what countrey man he was, and thirdly what was his name. Syr quod he. xx. nobles, was inne the pourse, I am halfe a walfbe man: and my name is Jobn vp Janken. Jobn vp Jankyn (sayde the gentyll man) I am gladde I knowe thy name. For so longe as I lyue, thou nor none of thyn name shal haue my purse to kepe. And nowe fare well gentyll Jobn vp Jankyn. Thus he was mocked to scorne and went his way.

Dereby ye may perceyue, that a man can not haue a sbrewde tourne, but otherwyle a mocke withall.

COf the marchaunt that lost his
Bodgette betwene ware
and Lon.^{xxvi}

A certayne marchant betwene ware and London lost his bodget, and a **L. li.** therin, wherfore he caused to proclayme in dyuers market townes, who so euer that founde the sayde bodget, and wolde bryng it agayne, shulde haue. **xx. li.** for his labour. An honeste busbande man, that chaunsed to fynde the sayde bodget, brought it to the baily of ware, accordyng to the crye, and required his. **xx. li.** for his labour, as it was proclaymed. The couetous marchant whan he ynderstode this, and that he muste nedes pay. **xx. li.** for the syndyng, he sayd, that there was an **L. and. xx. li.** in his bodgette, and so wolde haue hadde his owne money and. **xx. li.** ouer. So longe they

they stroue, that the matter was brought before
mayster Dauasour the good Judge. whan he vnder-
stode by the bayllye, that the crye was made
for a bodget with an .L. li. therin, he demanded
where hit was? here quod the bailly, and toke it
vnto him. Is it iuste an .L. li. sayde the Judge? ye
trulye, quod the baillye. Holde sayde the Judge
(to him that sounde the bodget) take thou this
money vnto thyne owne vse: and if thou hap to
synde a bodgette with a .L. x. li. therin, brynge
it to this honest marchante man. It is myn, I lost
no more but an .L. li. quod the marchant. ye speke
nowe to late, quod the Judge.

By this tale ye may vnderstande, that they that
go about to disceyue other, be often tymes discey-
ued them selfe. And some tyme one fallethe in the
dytche, that he him selfe made.

Of him that was called cuckolde. viii.

A certeyne man, whiche vpon a tyme in compa-
ny betwene earnest and game was called cuckolde
wente angerly home to his wyfe and sayde: wyfe,
I was this day in company called kockolde, whe-
ther am I one or nat? Syr truly, sayde she, ye be
none. By my sayth (sayde he) thou shalt swere so
vpon this boke, and helde to her a boke. She de-
nyed hit longe, but whan she sawe there was no
remedy, she sayde: well sythe I must nedes swere,
I promyse you by my saythe, I wyll swere truly.
yea do so quod he. So she toke the boke in her
bande and sayd: By this boke syr ye be a cokolde.

B

By

By the masse hore sayd he, thou lyest, thou sayste
it for none other cause but to anger me.

By this tale ye may perceyue, that it is nat best
at all tymes for a man to beleue his wyfe, though
she swere ypon a boke.

Of the iolous man .xviii.

A man that was ryght iolous on his wyfe, drea-
med on a nyght as he laye a bed with her & slepte,
that the dyuell aperd vnto him and sayde: woldest
thou nat be gladde, that I shulde put the in suretie
of thy wyfe? yes sayde he. Dolde sayde the dyuell,
as longe as thou hast this rynge vpon thy synger,
no man shall make the kockolde. The man was
gladde therof, And whan he awaked, he founde
his synger in his wiues ars.

Of the fatte woman that solde frute .xix.

As a greate fatte woman sate and solde frute in
a lente / there came a yonge man bye, and beelde
her frute earnestly, and specially he caste his eyes on
her fygges, she asked him, as was her gyse: Syr
wyl ye haue any figges? they be sayre & good. And
whan she sawe he was content: she sayde howe
manye? wyl ye haue fyue .ii? He was content. So
she wayed him oute fyue .ii. in to his lappe: and
whyle she layde a side her balaunce, he wente his
waye faire and softly. whan she tourned her to
haue taken money, and sawe her chapman go his
waye, she made after a pace / but faster with her
voice, than with hir fote. He dissemblinge the ma-
ter wente styll forth on. She made suche a cryenge
and

and folkes gathered so faste, that he stode styll. So in the preace he shewed to the people all the matter, & said: I bought nothing of hir, but that that she vnbyd gaue me, I toke, and if she wyll I am contente to go be fore the Justice.

Of a poller that begyled a prest. xx.

C Upon a tyme in Andwarpe a false pollynge fellowe came vnto a certeyne preste, that hadde his purse hangyng at his gyrdell strouttinge oute full of money, that he a lyttell before had rescuyed, and gentilly gretynge hym sayde: Good mayster, our paryss be preste bad me bye him a palle (which is the vppermoste vestement, that a preste syngeth masse in) if it wolde please you to go with me, I were moche bounde to you: for our curat and you be of one stature. The preste was contente. whan they came there, where he wolde bye it, the palle was brought forth, and the preste dyd it on: the poller loketh and toteth thereon, & preyseth it, but he layde a wyte, that it was to shorte before. Nay quod the syller, the faute is nat in the vestement, bit is the strouttinge purse vnderneath that beareth bit vp: Shortely to speake, the prest dyd of his purse, & layde bit by, & than the vestiment they be helde agayne. whan the poller sawe the preste was tourned, he snatched vp the purs, & toke his legges & to go. The preste rounne after with the vestement on his backe: & the vestement maker after the prest. The prest had stop the these, the siller had stop the prest, the poller had bolde the mad preste, & euery man wende he had ben mad in dede, bicause he had

the vestement on his backe . And so whyle one let-
ted an other the false poller went his waye.

¶ Of Papyrius pæceptatus .xxxi.

CAulus Bellius reberseth, how the Senatours
of Rome on a tyme belde a great counsaile. Before
which tyme the senatours chyldren, called of their
garmentes *Pueri pæceptati*, vsed to come in to
the parlemente house with theyre fathers . So at
this tyme a chylde called Papyrius, cam in with
his father and berde the great counsayl the which
was straytely commaunded to be kepte secrete tyll
hit was decreed. whan this chylde came home, his
mother asked him what the counsaile was. The
chylde answered, hit oughte nat to be tolde. Now
was his mother more desyrous to knowe hit than
she was before: wherfore she enquired more strait-
ly and more violentlye. The chylde beinge sore con-
strayned of his mother, shortlye deuysed a pro-
pre merye leasyng. It is reasoned in the parlemete
(quod be) whether of both shulde be more profy-
table for the comon welth, a man to haue .ii. wiues
or els a woman .ii. husbandes . whan she harde
him say so, her mynde was pacified: & forth with
she wente and tolde hit to the other matrones.

On the morowe a great company of the moste
notable wyues of Rome came to the parlemente
house weping, and humbly prayen: that rather one
woman shuld be maryed vnto .ii. men than .ii. we-
men to one man. The Senatours entringe in to the
court, what with the sodayn assembling of the wy-
ues & of their request, were right sore astonied, than
the childe

the child Papyrius stode forth, & enformed the senators, how his mother wold haue compelled him to vtter the secreete counsayle: & howe he to content her mynde, feyned that leasyng. For which dede the Senatours right bygbly commended the childes sydelite and wytte. And forth with they made a law, that no child after that (saue only Papyrius) shuld come in to the parlement house with his father. And for his great prudence in that tender age he hadde gyuen to hym, to his great honour, this surname *Præceptatus*.

wherby ye may se, that the bygh treasure of man, and greatest grace, resteth in well ordrynge of the tonge. The moste prudent poete Hesiodus sayth: The tonge shulde not ronne at large, but be bydde as a precious treasure. For of all the membres of man, the tonge yll ordered is the worst. The tonge blasphemeth god: The tonge sklaundereth thy neyghbour. The tonge breaketh peace, and stereth vp cruell warre, of all thynges to mankynde moste mischeful, the tonge is a broker of baudrye: the tonge setteth frendes at debate: The tonge with flatteryng, detraction, and wanton tales enfecteth pure and clene myndes: the tonge without sworde or venome strangletb thy brother and frende: and breketb, to speake, the tonge teacheth cursed heresy, and of good Chrustiens maketh Antichristes.

Of the corrupte man of lawe. pp. 15.

There was a man of lawe, whiche on a tyme shulde be iudge betwene a poure man and a ryche: the poure man came, and gaue hym a glasse of oyle

B. iij.

whiche

whiche was as moche as his power wold stretch
to) and desyred, that he wolde be good in his mat-
ter: yea quod he, the matter shal passe with the.
The riche man perceyuyng that, sente to the same
iudge a fatte bogge, & prayde hym to be sauorable
on his syde. wherfore he gaue iudgement agaynst
the poure man. whan the poure man sawe that he
was condēned, pytously copleynnyng he sayd to the
Judge: Syr I gaue you a glasse of oyle, and ye pro-
mysed by your faith, the matter shulde passe with
me. To whom the iuge sayde: For a trouthe there
came a bogge into my house, whiche founde the
glasse of oyle, and ouertbrewed & brake it: and so
throughe spyllynge of the oyle I cleane forgot the.
wherby ye may se, that euermore amonge
The ryche hath his wyll, the pore taketh wronge.

Of kynge Lowes of France / and the husbandleman. xiiii.

What tyme kynge Lowes of Fraunce, the. xi. of
that name, bycause of the trouble that was in the
realme, kepte hym selfe in Burgoyne, he chaunced
by occasion of huntinge to come acqeynted with
one Lonon a homely husbandle man, and a plaine
meanynge felowe. In whiche maner of men the
hygh princes greatly delyte them. To this mans
house the kynge ofte resorted from huntinge. And
with great pleasure he wolde eate radysse rotes
with hym. within a whyle after whan Lowes was
restored home, and had the gouernaunce of France
in his hāde, this husbandle man was counsailed by
his wyfe, to take a goodly sorte of radysse rotes
and to go and gyue them to the kyng, and put him
in

in mynd of the good chere, that he had made hym
at his house. Conon wolde nat assent thereto, what
solyss he woman quod he, the great princes remem-
bre nat suche smalle pleasures. But for all that he
wolde not reste tyll Conon chose out a great syght
of the fayrest rootes, and toke his iourney towarde
the courte. But as he went by the way, he yete vp
all the radys he sawe one of the greatest.

Conon peaked in to the courte, and stode where
the kynges schulde passe by: By and by the kyng
knewe hym, and called hym to hym. Conon stepte
to the kyng and presented his rote with a gladde
chere. And the kyng toke it more gladly, and bad
one, that was nerest to hym, to laye it vp amonge
those iewels that he best loued: And than commaun-
ded Conon to dyne with hym. whan dyner was
done he thanked Conon: and whan the kyng sawe
that he wolde departe home, he commaunded to
gyue hym a thousande crownes of golde for his
radys he rote. whan this was knowen in the kynges
house, one of the court gaue the kyng a propre my-
nion horse. The kyng perceiuing, that he dyd it, be-
cause of the liberalite he shewed vnto Conon, with ve-
ry glad chere he toke the gyft, & counsailed with his
lordes, howe & with what gyft he myght recōpen-
ce the horse, that was so goodly & faire. This meane
while the picke thak had a meruailous great hope,
& thought in his mynde thus: If he so wel recōpen-
sed the radys he rote, that was gyuen of a rusticall
ma: howe moche more largely wyl be recompence
suche an horse, that is gyuen of me that am of the
courte: whan euery man had sayde his mynde, as
though

though the kynge had counsayled aboute a great weygbty matter, and that they hadde longe sedde the pycke thanke with vayne hope, at last the kyng sayd. I remembre now, what we shal gyue hym: and so he called one of his lordes, and badde hym in his care, go fetch hym that that be founde in his chambze (and told hym the place where) featly folded vp in sylke. Anone he came and brought the radyss be roote, and euen as it was folded vp, the kyng with his owne bande gaue it to the courtier, sayenge: we suppose your horse is well recompensed with this iewell, for it hath cost vs a thousande crownes. The courtier went his way neuer so glad, and whan he had vnsfolded it, he found none other treasure, but the radyss be rote almoste wetthered.

¶ Of an other picke thanke, and the same kinge .xxiiii.

¶ Upon a time a seruant of the fornamed kinges, seynge a louce crepe vpon the kynges robe, kneled downe, and put vp his bande, as though he wolde do somewhat, and as the kyng bowed hym selfe a lyttell, the man toke the louce, and conueyed her away priuely. The kyng asked hym what it was, but he was asbamed to shew. So moche the kyng instanted hym that at laste he confessed hit was a louce. O b g the kyng, it is good lucke. For this declareth me to be a man: for that kynde of vermyne principally greuetb mankynde: specially in youth. And so the kyng commanded to gyue him fyfty crownes for his labour.

That longe after an other, seynge that the kyng gaue so good a rewarde for so smalle a pleasure, came and kneled downe, and put vp his bande, and made

made as though he toke and conueyed some what priuely awaye. And whan the kynge constrayned him to tell what hit was, with moche dissembling shamfastnes he sayde, hit was a flee. The kynge perceyuinge his dissimulation, sayd to him, what woldest thou make me a dogge? and so for his fifty crownes, that he prooled for, the kinge comaunded to gyue him fiftye strypes.

Wherby ye maye note, that there is great difference betwene one that doth a thyng of good will and mynde, and hym that doth a thyng by crafte and dissimulation. whiche thinge this noble and moste prudent prince well vnderstode. And one ought to be well ware howe he hath to do with bighe princes and their busynes. And if Ecclesiast forbid, that one shall mynde none yll to a kynge, howe shulde any dare speake yll?

¶ Of Thales the astronomer that fell in a ditch. .pp. 3.

¶ Laertius wryteth, that Thales Milesius wente oute of his house vpo a time to bebolde the starres for a certayn cause: & so longe he went backward, that he fell plumpe in to a ditch ouer the eares. wherfore an olde womā, that he kepte in his house laughed and sayde to him in derision: O Thales, how shuldest thou haue knowlege in heuēly thinges aboue, and knowest nat what is here benethe vnder thy feet?

¶ Of the astronomer that shene robbed. .pp. 3.

¶ As an astronomer satte vpon a tyme in the market place of a certayne towne, and toke vpon him

L to

to dyuine & to shewe what they: fortunes & chaunces shuld be, that came to him: there came a felow and tolde him (as it was in dede) that theues had broken in to his house, & had borne away all that he hadde. These tidinges greued him so sore, that all heuy and sorowefullye he rose vp and wente his waye: whan the felowe sawe him do so, he sayde: O thou folish and madde man, goest thou aboute to dyuine other mennes matters, and arte ignorant in thine owne?

This tale (besyde the blynde errour of such folles) toucheth them, that handell they: owne matters lewdly, and wyll entremedle in other mens. And Cicero saythe: That wyse man, that can nat profytte him selfe, hath but lytell wysdome.

C Of the plough man that sayde his pater noster. ppvii.

A rude vplandishe plough man, whiche on a tyme reprouynge a good holy father sayd, that he coude saye all his prayers with a hole mynde and stedfast intention, without thinking on any other thyng. To whome the good holy man sayde: Go so, saye one Pater noster to the ende, and thynke on none other thyng, and I wyll gyue the myn horse. That shal I do, quod the plough man, and so began to saye, Pater noster qui es in celis / tyll he came to Sanctificetur nomen tuum / and than his thought moued him to aske this question: yea but shal I haue the sadle & bridel withal? And so he lost his bargain

C Of him that dreamed he fonde godde. ppviii.

There

There was a man, that sayde in company vpon
a tyme, howe he dreamed on a nyghte, that the de
uyll ledde him in to a felde to dygge for golde: whā
he had founde the golde, the deuyl sayde: Thou
canste not carye hit a waye now, but marke the
place, that thou mayste fercbe hit an other tyme.
what marke shall I make, quod the man? Shyte
ouer hit, quod the deuyl, for that shall cause euery
man to sbonne the place, and for the hit shall be a
speciall knowlege. The man was contente and dyd
so. So whan he awaked oute of his slepe, he per
ceyued, that he had soule desyled his bedde. Thus
betwene stynke and dyte vp he rose, and made him
redy to go forth: and laste of all he put on his bo
nette, wherin also the same nyghte the catte hadde
shyt. For great stynke wherof he threwe away his
couer knaue, and was sayne to washe be his bullbe.
Thus his golden dreame tournedde all to dyte.

Tibullus sayth: Dreames in the nyght begylen:
and cause fearefull myndes to drede thynges that
neuer shalbe. But yet Claudian sayeth: Dreames
in sondrye wyse figured gyueth warnynge of vn
luckye thynges. And Valerius Maximus wry
teth, that as Hamylcar besiged the cyte of Syra
cuse, he dreamed, that he harde a voyce saye, that
he the nexte daye shulde suppe with in the cyte.
wherfore he was ioyfull, as though the victorie
from heuen had ben to him promised. And so appa
rayled his booste to assaute the towne: in whiche
assaute he chaunced to be taken in his lodgyng by
them of the cyte, and so bounden lyke a prysoner,
they ledde hym in to theyr cite. Thus he more dis

creyned by hope, than by his dreame, supped that nyghte within the cite as a prisoner, and nat as a conquerour, as he presumed in his mynde. Alcibiades also hadde a certayne vision in the nyghte of his miserable ende.

This tale sheweth that dreames sometyme come to passe by one meane or other. And he that desyret to knowe more of dreames wrytten in our englysshe tonge, let hym rede the tale of the nounnes preste, that B. Lbauser wrote: and for the skeles howe dreames and sweuens are caused, the begynnyng of the boke of Fame, the whiche the sayde Lbauser compiled with many an other matter full of wysedome.

Of the crakyng yonge gentyl man, that wolde
outrish his enemyes a myle of. ppiv.

A yonge gentyl man in a cite that was beseged, rebuked the other and called them cowberdes, because they wolde nat issue out and fight with their enemyes. So he armed at all peeces lepte on horse backe, and galopte out at the gates. whan he thus crakyng hadde prycked on aboute a myle, he encountred with manye, that retourned home from the skyrmysshe soze wounded. wherfore he beganne to ryde a softer pace. But whan he harde the bydous noyse, and sawe a myle frome hym howe fyerslye they of the cite and theyr enemyes assayled ech other, he stode euen styll. Than one that harde his crakyng before asked hym, why he rode no nere to fyghte with their enemyes. He answered and sayde: **T**rewly I fynde nat my selfe

selfe so able and stronge in armes, that my harte
wyl serue me to ryde any nere to them.

wherby may be noted, that nat onely the force of
the mynde, but also of the body shulde be wel con-
sydred. Nor one shulde nat bragge and boist to do
more than he maye well atcheue. There be many,
whiche with their wordes see theyr enemyes a
great waye of, but whan they se theyr enemye, they
put on a sure breste plate and a gorget of a myle of
lengthe. Plutarke wytteth, that whan Demo-
non made warre for Darius agaynst Alexander:
he barde one of his souldyours crake and speake
many yll wordes agaynst Alexander: wherfore he
rapte hym on the pate with a iauelynge, sayenge:
I byrred the to fyght agaynst Alexandre, and not
to crake and prate.

O therwyle sayth Quintus Curtius the coue-
tousnes of glory, & insatiabile desire of fame, causeth,
that we thynke nothing ouer moch or ouer hard.
But Salust saith: Before a mā enterpise any feate,
be ought fyrst to counsayle: and after to go in bade
there with nat heedlynge nor slowly.

Of hym that fell of a tre and brake
his rybbe . xxx.

There was a husbnde man, whiche on a tyme
as he clymbed a tree to gette downe the frute, selle
and brake a rybbe in his syde. To comforte hym
there came a very merye man, whiche as they tal-
ked to gether sayde, he wolde teache hym suche a
rule, that if he wold folowe it, he shuld neuer falle
from

L.ij.

from tree more. Marye, sayde the hurte man, I wolde ye hadde taught me that rule before I selle: neuer the lesse bycause it may happe to prosyte me in tyme to come, lette me bere what it is. Than the other sayd: Take bede, that thou go neuer downe faster, than thou wentest vp, but discende as softly as thou clymmeest vp, and so thou shalt neuer fall.

By this tale ye may note, that abidyng and slownesse otherwhyle are good and commendable, specially in those thynges, wherin spede and hastines, cause great hurte and damage. Seneca saythe, A todayne thyng is nought.

Of the frier that Brayde in his sermon. xxxi.

A fryer that preached to the people on a tyme, wolde otherwhyle crie out a loude (as the maner of some fooles is) whiche brayenge dyd so moue a woman that stode berynge his sermone, that she wepte. He perceyuyng that, thought in his mynde her conscience being prycked with his wordes, had caused her to wepe. wherfore whā his sermon was done, he called the woman to hym, & asked what was the cause of her wepyng, and whether his wordes moued her to wepe or nat. Forsoth mayster (sayde she) I am a poure wydowe: and whan myne husbāde dyed, he lefte me but one asse, whiche gotte parte of my lyuynge, the whiche asse the wolues haue slayne: and nowe whan I hard your hygge voyce, I remembred my selye asse, for so he was wonte to braye bothe nyghte and daye. And this good mayster caused me to wepe. Thus the lewde brayer, rather than preacher, confuted with

with his solyſhenes, wente his way : which thin-
kyng for his brayenge lyke an aſſe to be reputed
for the beſte preacher, deſerued well to bere hym
ſelfe to be compared to an aſſe.

For truly one to ſuppoſe hym ſelfe wyſe
Is vnto ſolyſhenes the very fyrſte gryce.

The oration of the ambaffadour ſent to
Pope Urban. xxxii.

Out of the towne of Paruſyn were ſente vpon
a tyme thre ambaffadours vnto our hollye father
Pope Urban, whom they founde ſycke in his bed.
Before whoſe holynes one of the ſayde ambaffa-
dours had a longe and a tedious oration, that he
had deuysed by the way : the whiche er it was en-
ded, ryght ſore anoyed the popes holynesse. whan
he hadde all ſayde, the pope aſked : Is there anye
thyng elles ? An other of the thre, perceyuyng
howe greatly the ambagious tale greued the po-
pes holynes to bere it out, ſayde, Moost holy fa-
ther this all the effecte, and if your holynes ſpede
vs nat forthewith, my ſelow ſhall telle his tale a-
gayne. At whiche ſayenge the pope laughd, and
cauſed the ambaffadours to be ſpedde incontinent.

By this tale one maye lerne, that ſuperfluous
wordes ought diligently to be auoyded, ſpecially
where a matter is treated before an hygh prync.

Of the ambaffadour ſent to the prync Agis. xxxiii.

Nat moch vnlke the forſayd tale Plutarke reci-
teth : that whan the ambaffadour of the Abderi-
tes had at laſte ended a longe tale to the prync
Agis

Agis, be asked what answere he shulde make to them that sent him? Say vnto them (quod the prince) whan thou comest home, that all the longe tyme that thou didest dispende in tellynge thy tale I late styll and harde the patiently.

¶ The answere of Cleomenis to the Samiens ambassadour. pppiii.

¶ Plutarcke rebersethe also, that what tyme an ambassadour, that was sente frome the Samiens, had made a longe oration vnto Cleomenis, to perswade him to make warre to Polycrates, he answered the ambassadour on this maner of wyse: I remembre nat, what thou saydest in the begynnyng of thy tale, and therfore I vnderstand nat the myddis, and thy conclusion pleaseth me nat.

wherby we may perceyue, that the noble wyse men loue fewe wordes. And as the Rhetoriciens say: Amonge the vices of an oratoure, there is none more hurtfull thā the supfluous beape of wordes.

¶ Of the wyse man Piso, and his seruant. pppv.

¶ A certayn wise man called Piso, to auoyde greuous ianglynge, commaunded, that his seruauntes shulde saye no bing, but answere to that that thei were demaunded, and no more. Vpon a daye the sayde Piso made a dyner, and sente a seruant to desire Clodius the Consull to come and dyne with him. Aboute the houre of diner al the guesstes came saue Clodius, for whom they taryed, tyll hit was almoste nyght, and euer sente to loke if he came. At laste Piso sayde to his seruant: Diddest thou
bid

byd the Consull come to dyner? yes truely sayde
he. why cometh he nat than, quod Piso? Mary,
quod the scruaunt, he sayde he wolde nat. where-
fore toldest me nat so incontinent, quod Piso? By-
cause, quod the scruaunt, ye dyd nat aske me.

By this tale scruauntes may lerne to kepe theyr
maisters bidding: but yet I aduise maysters ther-
by to take bedde, howe they make an iniunction.

Of the marchant that made a wager with his lord. pppvi.

A certayne marchaunt before his lorde, that he
was subiecte vnto, amonge other thynges praysed
his wyfe, and sayde, that he neuer barde her lette a
farte. wherat the lorde meruailed, and sayd it was
impossible: and so layde and ventred a souper with
the marchant, that before thre monethes were en-
ded, he shulde bere her lette a farte or twayne. On
the morowe the lorde came to the marchaunt and
borowed fystye crownes: the whiche he promysed
trewely to repay agayne within. viij. dayes after.
The marchaunt ryght sore agaynst his wyll lent
it: & thoughtfully abode tyll the daye of payment
was come: and than he wente to his lorde and re-
quyred his moneye. The lorde, makynge as
though he had hadde more nede than before: de-
syred the marchaunt to lende hym other fystye
crownes: and promysed to paye all within a mo-
nethe. And all though the good man denyed hit
longe, yet for feare lest he shulde lose the first some,
with moche grutchynge he lente hym the other
fystye crownes. And so wente home to his house
ryghte heuye and sorowfull in his mynde. Thus
D thyns

thyngke and btedyngē diuers thynges, be pas-
sed many nyghtes awaye without slepe. And as
he laye wakyng, he harde his wyfe nowe and than
rappe out fartes. At the monethes ende the lorde
sente for the marchant, and asked him, if he neuer
sythe harde his wyfe let a farte. The marchant a-
knoweleginge his folye, answered thus: Forsothe
sy: if I shulde for euery farte paye a souper, all my
goodes and landes wolde nat suffice therto. After
whiche answere the lorde payde the marchant his
money, and the marchant payde the souper.

Here by ye maye se, that many thynges passe by
them that slepe, and it is an olde sayenge: He that
slepeth, byteth no body. By this tale ye may note
also, that they, the whiche fortune swetelye enbra-
ceteth, take they: reste and slepe soundely: And con-
trarye wyse, they that bene oppressed with aduer-
sitye, watche sorowefullye, whan they shulde slepe.
This man, whiche for a very solishe thyng preyed
his wyfe, afterwarde whan a lyttel care beganne to
crepe aboute his stomacke, he perceiued that faute
in her ryght great. The morall booke called Lato,
counsayleth vs to watche for the more parte: For
moche slomber and slepe is the noisshunge of vice,

¶ Of the friere that gaue scrowes
agaynst the pestilence. p. p. vii.

Amonge the limitours in the cyte of Eiburtine,
was a certayne friere, whiche vsed to preache about
in the villages to men of the contrey: & for as moch
as they greatly suspecte that a plague of pesti-
lence shulde come amonge the, he promysed eche
of

of them a lytell scrowe: which he sayde was of suche a vertue, that who so euer bare hit bangynge aboute his necke .xv. dayes, shulde nat dye of the pestilence. The folowynge people trustynge here vpon / euerye one after his power gaue him money for a scrowe: & with a threde of a maydens spynninge, they banded hit aboute their neckes. But he charged them that they shuld nat open it, tyll the .xv. dayes ende: for if they did, he sayde, hit had no vertue. So whan the fyre hadde gathered moche moneye, he wente his waye. Soone after (as the desyre of folkes is to knowe newes) the sayd scrowes were redde: in which was writen in Italian speche: *Donna si fidi et cadeti lo fuso / quando tu fieti, tieni lo cuso ch'uso.* which is to saye in englysshe: woman if thou spyne, and thy spyndell falle awaye, whan thou stoupest to reache for him, holde thyne arse close. He sayde that this passed all the preceptes and medicines of the physicians.

By whiche tale one maye lerne, that all is nat gospel, that suche wanderers about saye: nor euerye worde to be beleued: For often tymes *Cecidit sacet anguis in herba.*

Of the physician, that vsed to write
bysses ouer ene. xxxviii.

A certayne physician of Italy vsed ouer night to write for sodry diseases diuers billes, called rescites, & to put them in a bag al to gether: In the morning whā the yryns (as the custome is) were brought to him, & he desired to shewe some remedy: he wolde put his hande in to the bag, & at al auentures take oute a bille: And in takinge oute the bille he wolde

R. ii. saye

say to him that came to seke remedye in their language: *Pæga dio te samandi bona.* That is to say: Praye god to sende the a good one.

By this tale ye may se, that miserable is their state whiche fortune muste helpe and nat reason. Suche a pbisitian on a tyme sayde to Pausanias: Thou aylest nothinge. No sayde he, I haue nat bad to do with thy pbisicke. And an other tyme a frède of his sayde: Syr ye ought not to blame that pbisitian: for his pbisicke dyd you neuer burte. Thou sayest troutbe, quod he: for if I hadde proued his pbisicke, I shulde nat nowe haue ben alyue. And ageyne to an other that sayde: Syr ye be an olde man, he answered: yea thou were nat my pbisitia. Suche maner checkes are to lyttell for the leude folles, that wyll practyse pbisicke, before they knowe what longeth to they: name.

C Of hym that wolde confesse him by writinge. xxxix.

Ther was a yonge man on a tyme, which wrote a longe lybell of his synnes, whether he dyd hit for hypocrisy, solyssh benesse, or oblyuion I can not say: and whan he shulde confesse him, he gaue hit to the confessour to rede: whiche confessor beinge well lerned and experte in that busynes, perceyued hit wolde requyre a longe tyme to rede ouer: wherfore after a fewe wordes he sayde: I assoyle the frome all the synnes conteyned in this lybell: yea but what shall my penaunce be, quod the yonge man: Notbinge els sayde the confessour, but that thou shalte the space of a moneth rede this lybell ouer every daye, vii, tymes. And all thoughe he sayde
but

It was impossible for him to do, yet the confessor wolde nat chaunge his sentence. By which mery subtylle answere he confuted the bable brable of the folysshe felowe.

By this tale ye may perceyue, that he that occupyeth this office / that is to saye, a confessor ought to be discrete, prudent, and well lernedde. This confessor knewe well the ordinaunce of holye church: whiche wyllt confession to be made with the mouthe, and nat by wrytynge.

Of the hermite of Padoue. xl.

An hermite of Padoue, that was reputed for an holy man, vnder the semblaunce of confession, entyce many of the notablest wyues of the towne vnto folye and lewednes. So at last, whan his offence was dyuulgate and knowen (for hypocrisy cannot lōge be hid) he was takē by the prouost, & brought before the prince of Padoue / duke Francis the. vii. of that name, whiche for his disporte sent for his secretarie, to wryte the womens names, that the hermite had layen by. whan the hermyte had reberfed manye of the dukes seruantes wyues, & the secretarie merly laughenge had writen them: he seemed as he had al said. Be there any mo sayde the duke? No forsothe said the hermite. Tels thou trouthe quod the secretarie, who be mo, or els thou shalt be sharply punished. Than the hermyte sigbenge said: Go to write in thin owne wise amōge the number of the other. which saicenge so sore greued the secretarie, that the penne selle out of his hande

R. iij. and

and the duke laughed ryght hartily: and sayde it was well done: that he that with so great pleasure harde the fautes of other mennes wyues, shulde come in the same nombze.

By this ieste we may lerne, that one ought nat to reioyce at an others grese or hurte: For lytell wo-
teth a man what hangeth ouer his owne beed.

Of the vplandysshe man, that sawe the kynge. vii.

An vplandysshe man nouryssed in the woods, came on a tyme to the citie, whanne all the stretes were full of people, and the common voyce amonge them was: The kynge cometh. This rurall manne moued with noueltie of that voyce, had great desyre to se, what that multitude boued to beholde. Sodaynly the kynge, with many nobles and states before hym, came rydyng royally. Than the people all aboute stedfastly bebelde the kynge and cryed aloude? God saue the kynge: god saue the kynge. This villayne berynge them crye so, sayde, O where is the kynge, where is the kynge: Than one shewyng hym the kynge sayde: yonder is he, that rydeth vpon the goodly whyte horse. Is that the kyng, quod the villayne? what thou mockest me quod he, me thinke that is a man in a peynted garment.

By this tale ye maye perceyue (as Lyncurgus proued by experience) that nourysshyng, good bryngyng vp, and exercyse ben more apte to leade folke to humanite, and the doyng of honest thynges than Nature her selfe. They for the mooste part are noble, free, and vertuous, whiche in their youth

youth be bene well nourysshed vp, and vertuously
endoctryned.

Of the courtier that had the boy holde his horse. p. lii.

A courtier on a tyme that alyghted of his horse
at an Inde gate sayde to a boye that stode therby:
Do sy: boye, holde my horse. The boye as he had
ben aserde answered: O maister this a fierce horse,
is one able to holde hym? yes quod the courtier
one may holde hym well inough: well quod the
boye, if one be able inough, than I pray you holde
hym your owne selfe.

Of the deceptfull scriuener. p. liii.

A certayne scriuener, whiche hadde but a bare
lyuynge by his crafte, imagyned, howe he myght
gette money: So he came to a yonge man, and as-
ked hym if he were payde .x. li. whiche a cer-
tayne man, that was deade, borrowed and oughte
to paye his father in tyme paste. The yonge
manne sayde there was no suche duetye owynge in
his fathers name, that he knewe of. It is of
troutbe, quod the scriuener: for here is the obly-
gacyon therof, whiche I made my selfe. He prouo-
ked the yonge manne so moche, that he gaue hym
money for the oblygation, and before the mayre be
required the duetie. His sonne that was named to
be dettour, sayde playnely, that his father neuer
borrowed money: for if he had, it wolde appere by
his booke, after the marchantes maner. And forth-
with he went to the scriuener & sayde to hym, that
he was a false man to write a thing that neuer was
done

done. Sonne sayde the scrivener, thou wotteste nat what was done that tyme : whan thy fater borrowed that somme of money thou were nat borne : but he payde it agayne within thre montthes after, I made the quittance therof my selfe : wherby thy fater is discharged. So the yonge man was faine to gyue him money for the quittance. And whan he had shewed the quittance, he was discharged of that greuance. Thus by his faire fraude he scraped money from them bothe.

By this tale ye may se, that the children in this our tyme be very prudent to get money.

Of hym that saide he belened his wyfe better than other, that he was chaste. pliiii.

A certayne man, whose wyfe (as the voyce wente) was nat very chaste of her bodye : was warned of his frendes to loke better to the matter. The man wente home and sharply rebuked his wyfe : and tolde her betwene them bothe, what his frendes had sayde. She knowynge that periurye was no greater offence than aduoutry, with wepyng and sweryng defended her honestie : and bare her busbande on bande, that they seyed those tales for enuye that they badde to se them lyue so quietly. With those wordes her busbande was content and pleased. So yet an other tyme agayne, his frendes warned hym of his wyfe, and badde hym rebuke and chastice her. To whome he sayd : I pray you trouble me no more with suche wordes. Telle me, whether knoweth better my wines sautes, you or she : They sayde : She. And she (quod he) whom

whom I beleue better than you all, sayth playnly,
that ye lye. This was well and wysely done: For
one ought nat to gyue light credence to those thinges,
wherin resteth perpetuall grese of mynde.

¶ Of hym that payde his dette with excheange sea. p. 1.

¶ There was a man on a tyme, which toke as much
the ware of a marchaunt, as drewe to systle. He and
riotously playde and spente the same awaye with
in shorte space. So whanne the day of payement
came, he hadde nother moneye nor ware to paye:
wherfore he was arrested, and muste come before
the Justyce. whan he sawe there was none other
remedye, but that he shulde be constrayned eyther
to pay the dette, or els to go to pryson: wherfore he
went to a subtylle man of lawe, and shewed to hym
his matter, and desyred hym of his counsaile and
helpe. what wylt thou gyue me (quod the man of
lawe) if I rydde the of this dette? By my saythe
sayde the dettoure. v. markes: and lo here it is redy,
as sone as I am quitte, ye shall haue hit. Good
enough quod the man of lawe, but thou muste be
ruled by my counsaile, & thus do. whan thou comest
before the Justice, what som euer he sayd vnto the,
loke that thou answer to nothing, but cry bea styll
& lette me alone with the reste. Content quod he.

So whā they were com before the Justice, he said
to the dettoure: doste thou owe this marchaunt this
some of money or no? Bea quod he. what helpe (quod
the Justice) answer to thy plaint, or els thou wilt
be condemned. Bea, quod he agayne. Then his ma
of lawe rode forth, and sayd, Sir this man is but

E an

an ideot, who wolde beleue that this marchaunt,
 whiche is both wyse and subtile, wolde truste this
 ideot, that can speke neuer a redy worde of .xl. peny
 worth of ware: and so with suche reasons be per-
 swaded the Justyce to caste the marchaunt in his
 owne action. So whan the sentence was gyuen,
 the man of lawe drewe the dettoure asyde and said:
 Lo, howe sayst thou nowe? Haue not I done well
 for the? Thou arte clere quitte of the dette that
 was demáded of the, wherfore giue me my money,
 & god be with the. Bea, q. be. what quod the law-
 eer, thou nedest not to crie bea no longer, thy ma-
 ter is dispatched, all is at a poynt, there resteth no
 thyng, but to gyue me my wages, that thou pro-
 mysyddest. Bea quod be agayne. I saye quod the
 man of lawe, crie bea no longer nowe, but gyue me
 my money. Bea quod be. Thus the man of lawe
 neyther for sayre nor soule coulde gette any other
 thyng of his client but Bea. wherfore all angerly
 he departed and went his waye.

By this tale ye may perceyue, that they whiche
 be the inuenters and diuisers of fraude and disceit,
 ben often tymes therby disceyued them selfe. And
 he that hath byd a snare to attrap an other with,
 hath hym selfe ben taken therein.

Of the woman that appyled fro kyng Philip
 to kyng Philippe. p. lxi.

A woman whiche gyltlesse on a tyme was con-
 dempned by kyng Philippe of Macedone, whan
 he was not sobre. wherfore she sayde I appele.
 whether quod the kyng? To kyng Philippe
 quod

quod ſhe: but that is whan he is more ſobrie and better aduysed. whiche ſayenge cauſed the kyng to loke better on the matter, and to do her ryght.

This wyterth Val. Maximus. But Plutarche ſayth: It was a man, and kyng Philip was halfe a ſlepe, whan he gaue ſentence.

Of the olde woman, that prayde for the welfare of the tyrant Denyse. p. vii.

What tyme Denyse the tyranne raygned, for his cruelte and intollerable dealynge he was bared of all the cite of Syracuſe, and euery body wyſſhed his dethe, ſaue one olde woman, the whiche euery mornig praid god to ſaue him in good life & belth. whan he vnderſtoode that that ſhe ſo dyd, he meruailed greatly at her vnderſerued beniuolence. wherfore he ſente for her, and asked, why and howe he had deſerued, that ſhe prayde for hym? She answered and ſayd: I do it nat with out a cauſe. For whan I was a mayde, we had a tyran raignynge ouer vs: whose death I greatly deſyred, whan he was ſlayne, there ſuccided an other yet more cruell than he: Out of whose gouernance to be alſo deliuered I thought it a bygd benifyte. The thyrde is thy ſelfe, that haſte begon to raygne ouer vs more importunately than either of the other two. Thus fearynge leſt whan thou arte gone, a worſe ſhuld ſuccede and reigne ouer vs, I praye god dayly to preſerue the in belthe.

Of the phiſitian Eumonus. p. viii.

A phiſitian called Eumonus told a ſicke ma, that
E. ij. laye

laye in great payne / that he coulde nat scape , but
he muste nedes dye of that disese . This sicke man
within a whyle after , nat by the phisitians helpe,
but by the wille of god , gueryssed and was bolle
of his disease: howe be hit he was verye lowe and
bare broughte . And as he walked forth on a daye
he mette the same phisyitian: whiche doubtrynge
whether hit were the same sycke man or nat, sayde:
Arte nat thou Baius ? yes truelye quod he. Arte
thou alyue or deed sayde the phisitian ? I am deed
quod he. what doste thou here than, said the phi-
sitian ? Bycause quod he , that I haue experience
of many thinges , god hath comanded me that I
shulde come and take vp all the phisitians that I
can get to him. whiche sayenge made Eumonus as
pale as asbes for fere. Than Baius sayd to him:
Drede thou nat Eumonus, thoughe I sayd all phi-
sitians : For there is no man that hath wytte, that
wylle take the for one.

C Of Socrates and his scoldinge wyfe. p. liij.

C Laertius wryteth, that the wyse man Socrates
had a coursed scoldinge wyfe, called Xantippe, the
whiche on a day after she hadde all to chydde him
powred a pyssle pottle on his heed . He takynge all
patiently sayde: Dyd nat I tell you, that whan I
herde Xantippe thonder so fast, that it wold rayne
anone after .

wherby ye maye se, that the wyser a man is, the
more pacience he taketh . The wyse poet Virgil
sayth : All fortune by suffrance must be overcome.

Of

¶ Of the phisitian that bare his patiente
on honde, he had eaten an apple.

TA phisitian, which had but smalle learning, vsed
whan he came to viset his patientes to touche the
pulce, and if any appayzed, he wolde lay the blame
on the patiente and beare him on hande, that he
did eate fygges, apples, or some other thinge that
he forbade: and bicause the patientes other whyle
confessed the same: they thought he had ben a ve-
ry connyng man. His seruante hadde great mar-
uayle, howe he perceyued that: and desyred his
mayster to telle hym, whether he knewe hit by
touching of the pulce, or els by some other bygger
knowlege. Than sayde his mayster / for the good
seruice that thou haste done me, I wyll open to the
this secrete point. whan I come in to the patientes
chamber, I loke al a bout: and if I spye in the flore
shales, parynge of chese, of aples / or of peares, or
any other scrappes: anone I coniecte, that the pa-
ciente hath eaten therof. And so to thende I wold
be blameles, I lay the faute on theyr mysdiettyng.

Nat longe after the same seruante toke on
hym to practyse physike: whiche in lyke maner bla-
med his patientes: and sayde, that they kepte nat
the diete, that he gaue them: and he bare them on
hande that they yete some what, wherof he sawe
the scrappes in the flore. On a tyme he cam to a
poure man of the countre, and promysed to make
him hole, if he wolde be gouerned after him: & so
gaue him to drinke I wote nat what, and went his
waye tyll an the morowe. whā he came agayne, he
founde the man sicker than cuer he was. The rude

sole, nat knowinge the cause, behelde here an there
about: and whan he coude se no skrappe, nor pa
rynges, he was sore troubled in his mynde. So at
the last he espied a saddel vnder the bed. Than said
he all a loude, that he hadde at length perceyued,
howe the sicke man enpayzed: He hath so excessiue
ly passed diete (quod he) that I wonder he is nat
deed. How so quod they? Marye quod he, ye haue
made him to eate an bolle asse: Lo, where the sad
dell lyethe yet vnder the bedde. For he thoughte
the saddell had be leste of the asse, as bones are of
fleshe. For which folysshe he was well laughed
to skorne and mocked.

Thus as a good saytfull phisitian is worthy
of greate honour: for truely of hym dependeth
the greatestt parte of mans helthe: so lyke wyse a
folysshe and an vnlearned, that thynketh to cure
with wordes, that he ought to do with herbes, is
nat onely worthy to be deryded and mocked, but
also punysshed: for nothyng is more perillous.

¶ Of the inholders wyfe and her .ii. louers .ii.

There vnto Florence dwelled an inholder, whos
wyfe was nat very dangerous of her tayle. Vpon
a nyghte as she was a bed with one of her louers,
there came a nother to haue lyen with her. whan
she berde him come vp the ladder, she met him, &
bade hym go thence / for she hadde no tyme than
to fulfyll his pleasure. But for all her wordes he
wolde nat go a waye, but styll preaced to come in.
So longe they stode chydunge, that the good man
came vpon them, and asked them why they brau
led

led so. The woman nat vnprouyded of a disceyte
full answer sayde: Syr this man wolde come in
per force, to slee or myschiese an other, that is fled
in to our house for succoure: and hiterto I haue
kept him backe. whan he, that was within, berde
her saye so / he beganne to plucke vp his barte and
say, he wold be a wreked on him withoute. And he
that was withoute made a face, as he wolde kille
him that was within. The folysse man her hus-
bande, enquired the cause of theyr debate, & toke
vpō him to sette them at one. And so the good sely
man spake and made the pefe betwene them both.
yca and farther he gaue them a gallon of wyne: ad-
dyng to his wiues aduoutry the losse of his wine.

¶ Of hym that healeth franticke men. lii.

¶ There dwelled a man in Italy / whiche vsed to
heale men, that were franticke, on this maner. He
had within his house a gutter, or a ditch full of
water: wherin he wold put them, some to the mid-
dell legge, some to the knee, and some dypper, as
they were madde. So one that was well amends-
ed, and wente aboute the house to do one thinge
and other for his meate, as he stode on a tyme at
the gate, lookinge in to the strete, he sawe a gentyll
man ryde by with a great sorte of haukes and boundes:
the which he called to him & said: you gentyll
man whither go ye? On huntynge, quod the gen-
tyll man. what do ydu with all those kytes and
dogges, quod he? They be haukes and boundes,
quod the gentyll man. wherfore kepe you them,
quod the other? For my pleasure, quod the gentyl
man.

man. what costeth it you a yere to kepe them, quod
the other? xl. duckettes, quod the gentyll man.
And what do they profytte you, quod he? Foure
duckettes quod the gentyll man. Gette the lyght-
lye hense, quod the madde man: for if my mayster
come and fynde the bere: he wyll put the in to the
gutter vp to the throte.

This tale toucheth suche yonge gentyll menne,
that dispende ouer moche good on haukes, boundes,
and other trifils.

*¶ Of hym that sayde he was not worthy
to open the gate to the kynge. lii.*

As a kynge of Englande hunted on a tyme in
the countie of Kent, he hapte to come rydyng to
a great gate: wherby stode a busbande man of the
countrey, to whom the kynge sayd: Good felowe
patte open the gate. The man perceyuyng it was
the kynge, sayde: No and please your grace, I am
nat worthy: but I wyll go fetch mayster Couper,
that dwelleth nat far. ij. myles hense, and he shal
open to you the gate.

¶ Of mayster Dauasour and Turpin his man. liiii.

Mayster Dauasour sometyme a iudge of Eng-
lande hadde a seruaunt with hym called Turpin:
whiche had done hym seruyce many yeres, wher-
fore he came vnto his mayster on a tyme, and sayde
to hym on this wyse: Syr: I haue done you ser-
uice longe, wherfore I pray you gyue me somewhat
to helpe me in myn old age. Turpin, quod he, thou
sayst trouth, and hereon I haue thought many a
tyme

tyme: J wyll tell the, what thou shalt do. Nowe
shortly J must ride vp to London, and if thou wilt
beare my costis tgether: J wyll surely gyue the su-
che a thing, that shall be worth to the an hundred
pounde. J am contente, quod Turpin. So all the
waye as he rode Turpin payd his costis, tyll they
came to theyr last lodginge: and there after souper
he cam to his mayster and sayde: Sir J haue born
your costes hiterto, as ye badde me: nowe J pray
you let me se, what thyng hit is, that shulde be
worthe an hundred pounde to me. Dyd J promise
the suche a thinge, quod his maister? ye forsoth,
quod Turpin. Shewe me thy wrytinge, quod mai-
ster Dauasour. J haue none, sayde Turpin. Than
thou arte lyke to haue nothyng sayde his maister.
And lerne this at me: whan so euer thou makest a
bargayne with a man, loke that thou take sure
wrytyng, and be well ware howe thou makest a
wrytyng to any man. This poynte hath vayed
me an hundred pounde in my dayes: and so hit
may the. whan Turpin sawe there was none other
remedy, he belde him selfe contente. On the mo-
rowe Turpin taryed a lytelle behynde his mayster,
to reken with the hostes, where they laye: and of
her he borowed so moche money on his maysters
skarlet cloke, as drew to all the costes that they
spente by the waye. Mayster Dauasour had nat
ryden past .ii. myle but that it bega to rayne: wher-
fore he calledde for his cloke: his other seruantes
saide, Turpin was bebinde and had hit with him.
So they bouedde vnder a tre tyll Turpin ouer-
toke them. whan he was come mayster Dauasour

f

all

all angerly sayde : Thou knaue , why comest thou
 nat awaye with my cloke . Syr : & please you, quod
 Turpin, I haue layde hit to gage for your costes al
 the waye . why knaue / quod his mayster / diddiste
 thou nat promyse to beare my charges to London.
 Dyd I quod Turpin? ye , quod his mayster that
 thou diddest . Let se, shew me your wrytinge ther
 of quod Turpin. wherto his mayster I thinke an-
 swered but lytell.

Of hym that sought his wyfe
 agaynst the streame. *Id.*

A mā the whose wyfe, as she came ouer a bridg
 fell in to the ryuer and was drowned : wherfore he
 wente & sought for her vpward against the stream,
 wherat his neighbours , that wente with hym,
 maruayled, and sayde he dyd nought , he shulde
 go seke her downewarde with the streame . Naye
 quod he , I am sure I shall neuer fynde her that
 waye : For she was so waywarde and so contrary
 to euery thyng, while she lyuedde , that I knowe
 very well nowe she is deed , she wyll go a gaynste
 the streame.

Of him that at a skymysse defen-
 ded him with his feet. *Id.*

A lustye yonge gentyll man of France that on a
 tyme was at a skymysse / and defended him selfe
 valyantly with his feet, came in to the courte, in to
 a chambze amonge ladies, with a goodly ringe vpon
 his synger : to whom a sayre lady sayde : Syr,
 why weare ye that ringe vpon your synger ? wher
 fore

fore aske you madame, quod he? Bycause (sayde
she) your feet dyd you better seruice than your
bandes at the last skymysse that ye were at.

By this tale yonge men may lerne to beare them
well and valyantly for drede of reproche. Better it
is with worschyp to dye than with shame to lyue:
albe bit that Demosthenes sayde: He that fleeth
cometh agayne to batayle.

Of him that wolde gyue a
songe for his dyner. *lii.*

There came a felowe on a tyme in to a tauerne,
and called for meate. So whan he had well dyned:
the tauerner came to reken and to haue his money:
to whom the felowe sayde, he had no money, but
I wyll, quod he, contente you with songes. Naye
quod the tauerner, I nede no songes, I must haue
money. whye, quod the felowe, if I synge a songe
to your pleasure, will ye nat than be contente? yes
quod the tauerner. So he began and songe thre or
foure balades / and asked if he were pleased? No
sayde the tauerner. Than he opened his pourse,
and beganne to synge thus:

whan you haue dyned make no delaye

But paye your oste / and go your waye.

Dothe this songe please you, quod he? yes marye
sayd the tauerner this pleaseth me well. Than, as
couenāt was (quod the felowe) ye be paide for your
vitaile. And so he departed and wente his waye.

This tale sheweth, that a man may be to hastye
in makynge of a bargayne and couenantyng: and
therefore a man ought to take good bede, what he

f.ii. sayth

sayth: for one worde may bynde a man to great inconuenience, if the matter be weygbty.

¶ Of the foole that thought hym selfe deed. *Bill.*

There was a felowe dwellynge at Florence, called Nignica, whiche was nat verye wyse, nor all a foole, but merye and iocunde. A sorte of yonge men for to laughe and pastyme, appoynted to gether, to make hym beleue that he was sycke. So whan they were agreed, howe they wolde do, one of them mette hym in the mornynge, as he came out of his house, and bad him good morowe, and than asked him if he were nat yl at ease? No quod the foole, I ayle nothyng I thanke god. By my faith ye haue a sickely pale colour, quod the other, and wente his waye.

Anone after an other of them mette hym, and asked hym if he had nat an ague, for your face and colour (quod he) sheweth that ye be very sycke. Than the foole beganne a lyttel to doubt, whether he were sycke or no, for he halfe beleued, that they sayd trouthe. whan he had gone a lytel farter, the thyrde man mette hym, and sayde: Jesu manne, what do you out of your bed? ye loke as ye wolde nat lyue an houre to an ende. Nowe he doubted greatly, and thought verily in his mynde, that he had hadde some sharpe ague: wherfore he stode styll and wolde go no further. And as he stode the fourth man came, and sayde: Jesu man, what dost thou here, and arte so sycke? Gette the home to thy bedde: for I perceyue thou canste nat lyue an houre to an ende. Then the foole harte beganne to
scint,

seynte , and prayde this laste man that came to
hym, to helpe hym home : yes quod he, J wyll do
as moche for the, as for myn owne brother. So
home he brought hym, and layde hym in his bed :
and than he sared with hym selfe, as though he
wolde gyue vp the gooste. Forth with came the
other felowes, and saide he hadde well done to lay
hym in his bedde. Anone after came one , whiche
toke on hym to be a phisitian : whiche touchyng
the pulse, sayde the malady was so vehement, that
he coulde nat lyue an houre. So they standyng
aboute the bedde, sayde one to an other : Nowe
he gothe his waye : for his speche and syght sayle
hym : by and by he wyll yelde vp the gooste. There-
fore lette vs close his eyes, and laye his bandes a
crosse, and cary hym forth to be buried. And than
they sayde lamentyng one to an other : O what
a losse haue we of this good felowe our frende?

The foole laye styll, as one were deade : yea and
thought in his mynde, that he was deade in dede.
So they layde hym on a bere , and caryed hym
thzough the cite. And whan any body asked them
what they caryed, they sayd the corpe of Nignia-
ca to his graue. And euer as they wet people drew
about the. Among the prece ther was a tauerne
boy, the whiche whā he herde that it was the corse
of Nigniacā, he said to them: O what a vile bestly
knaue, & what a stronge thefe is deed, by the masse
he was well worthy to haue ben hāged longe ago.
whan the sole barde those wordes, he put out his
beed & sayd : J wys boreson, if J were alyue now,
as J am deed, J wolde proue the a false lyer to thy

J. iij.

face,

face. They that caryed hym began to laugh so hartelye, that they sette downe the bere, and wente they: waye.

By this tale ye maye se, what the perswasion of many doth. Certaynly he is very wyse, that is nat inclined to folly, if he be sterred therevnto by a multitude. yet sapience is founde in fewe persones: and they be lyghtly olde sobre men.

Of the olde man and his sonne that brought his asse to the towne to sylle. lxx.

An oldeman on a tyme, and a lyttell boye his sonne droue a litel asse before them, whiche he purposed to sylle at the markette towne, that they wēt to. And bicause he so dyd, the folkes that wrought by the way syde, blamed hym. wherfore he set vp his sonne, and went hym selfe on fote. Other that sawe that, called hym foole, by cause he lette the yonge boye ryde, and be beyng so aged to goo a fote. Than he toke downe the boye, and lepte vp and rode hym selfe. whanne he hadde rydden a lyttell waye, he harde other that blamed hym, bycause he made the lyttell yonge boye ronne as fast as a scruaunte, and he his father to ryde. Than he sette vppe the boye behynde hym, and so rode forth.

Anone he mette with other, that asked hym if the asse were his owne: By whiche wordes he coniected, that he did nat wel so to ouercharge the lyttell sely asse, that ynethe was able to beare one. Thus he troubled with their dyuers & manyfolde opynions: whiche neither with his asse vacant, nor
be

he alone, nor his sonne alone, nor bothe to gether
rydyng at ones on the asse, coulde passe forth with
out detraction & blame: wherfore at last he bounde
the asse feet to gether, and put througb a staffe, and
so he and his sonne began to beare the asse betwene
them on their shulders to the towne. The nouelte
of whiche syght caused euery body to laughe and
blame the folysshenes of them both. The sely olde
man was so sore agreued, that as he sat and rested
hym on a ryuers syde, he thrcwe his asse in to the
water. And so whan he had drowned his asse, he
toured home agayne. Thus the good man desy-
rynge to please euerye bodye, contentynge none at
all, losse his asse.

By this tale appereth playnelye, that they whi-
che commyt them selfe to the opinion of the com-
mon people, ben oppressed with great myserye and
seruage: For how is it possible to please all, whan
euerye man hath a dyuers opinion, and dyuerslye
iudgeth? And that was well knowen to the poet,
whan he sayde,

Scinditur incertum studia in contraria vulgus.

CAnd as Cicero, Persius, and Flaccus say: As
many men so many myndes: as many heedes so
many wyttes. That, that pleaseth one, displeaseth
an other: Fewe alowe that that they loue nat:
and that that a man aloweth, he thynketh good.
Therfore the beste is, that euery man lyue well, as
a good Christen man shulde, and care nat for the
vayne wordes, and ianglynge of the people. For
babylng (as Plutarchus sayth) is a greuous dis-
ease, & harde to be remedied. For that that shulde
beale

Deale it (which is wordes of wisdom) cureth them
that barketh there vnto: but praters wille here
none but them selfe.

Of him that sought his asse and
rode on his backe. *fo.*

There was in the countrey of Florence an hus-
bande man, that vsed to carye corne to the market
vpō many lytell asses. On a time as he came home
warde, bycause he was somewhat werye, to ease
him selfe / he rode on one the strongest of them.
And as he rode dryuinge his asses before him, he
counted them, and forgot the asse that he rode on:
wherfore he thought still that he lacked one. Thus
sore troubled in his mynde, he bad his wyfe set vp
his asses, & hastily rode agayne backe to the towne
vii. myles of, to seke the asse, that he rode on. He
asked of euery body that he met, if they sawe an
asse straye alone. whan he herde euery bodye saye
they sawe none suche, makynge great sorowe he
retourned home agayne. At laste whan he was
alyghted his wyfe perceyued and shewedde hym
playnlye, that the asse, that he rode on, was the
same that he soughte and made suche sorowe fore.

This ieste may be well applied vnto suche as
note the defautes, that they lyghtly spy in other,
and take none hede, nor can nat se what ils they
haue or bene spotted with them selfe.

The answer of Fabius to Liuius. *foi.*

Whan Anniball the capitayne of Cartage had
conquered Tarent (a towne pertainyng to the Ro-
mayns

mayne) all saue the castell, & had lefte a garnison
to kepe it/whā the wortby Romaine Fabius had
knowelege therof, he pryuely conducted an armye
thether, and got the towne agayne / and pylled it.
Urban .M. Liuius that kepte the castell with a gar
nison, sayde bostynge him selfe / that Fabius had
gotte the towne through him and his helpe. you
saye trouth/ quod Fabius, for if you had nat losse
the towne, I shulde neuer haue gotte hit.

¶ The answere of Poltis / the kynge of Thrace,
to the Tropan embassadoers. .lxi.

C Plutarche lyke wyse reberseth, that duryng
the warre of Troy, the grekes and also the troians
sente ambassadours to a kynge of Thrace calledde
Poltis, whiche kynge answered thambassadours
and bade, that Alexandre shulde delyuer agayne
Helayne (for she was the cause of the warre) and
be wolde gyue him .ii. sayre wyues for her.

¶ The wyse answere of Hanibal to kynge Antiochus,
concerninge his ryche armye. .lxiii.

C Urban kynge Antiochus had prepared to make
warre to the Romaine, he caused his armye to
mustre before Anniball. So they shewed and mu
stred both horse men and fote men: of whose ryche
and sumptuous armour and apparaile, al the felde
glistred and shone. Now saye you quod the kynge
to Hanibal, is nat this armye sufficient ynough for
the Romaine? yes quod Haniball, and though
they were the moste couctous of all the worlde.
The king mente one thing, & he answered an other.

B

The

**¶ The wordes of Popilius the Romayne embassadour
to Antiochus the king. spiii.**

¶ One .L. Popilius was sente vpon a tyme by the
Senatours of Rome, with letters to Antiochus
the kyng of Syrye, wherin the kyng was commaū-
ded to calle his armye backe agayne oute of Aeg-
ipte: and that he shulde suffer the chyldren of
Ptolome and theyr realme in peace. As the embas-
sador came by the kinges tentes and pauslyons,
Antiochus a good waye of saluted him / but he
did nat salute the kyng agayne / but delyuered to
him his letters. whan the kyng hadde redde the
letters, he sayde, that he muste take counsaile, be-
fore he made him an answer. Popilius with a rod
that he had in his bande made a compasse aboute
the kinge, and sayde: Euen here standinge take coun-
saile, and make me an answer. Eucry man hadde
meruayle at the grauite, and stout stomacke of the
man. And whan Antiochus was contente to do as
the Romayns wolde haue hym: Then Popilius
both saluted and embraced him.

¶ Of him that loured the marchantes wyfe. lxxv.

¶ Ther was a yonge lusty gentyll man vpo a tyme
that was ryght amorous, and loured a certayne
marchauntes wyfe oute of all measure: in so moch
that he folowed her to the church and other pla-
ces / but he durste neuer speake. At the laste he
with two or thre of his felowes folowed her to a
fryers: where he hadde tyme and place conueni-
ente to speake thre or four wordes to her, that he
before

before had deuysed. So one of his felowes sayde;
go nowe speake to her. But he stode styll all astoni-
ed. They egged and prouoked him so moche, that
at last he wente vnto her, & clene forgettyng those
wordes, that he had thoughte to haue spoken he
said to her on this wise: Maistres I am your owne
lytel seruante. wherat she smyled and sayd: Syr I
nede nat your seruyce: for I haue seruantes inow
at home, that can bruss be, sponge, washe be, & do all
my other busines. The whiche answer, & folyshe
basshemente of the gentyl man, caused his felowes
to laugh bertelye. This maner of folye was well
knownen to the poet, whan he sayde:

Incipit affari/mediuq; in hoc resistit.

Folyshe loue maketh folkes astonied
And eke to raue without remembrance
whan they shulde speake, they bene abasshed
And of theyr wordes can make none vtterance
Nor be so bardye them selfe to auance
what tyme they se of her the swete face
Of whom the loue theyr hartes doth embrace

Of the womā that couerd her heed & shewed her taile. foli.

CAs a woman that for a certayne impedimente
had shaued her heed sat in her house bare heed,
one of her neighbours called her forth basely into
the strete, and for haste she forgotte to putte on her
kerchese. when her neighbour sawe her so she bla-
med her for cominge abroad bare heed: wherfore
she whypte vp her clothes ouer her heed. & so to
couer her heed she shewed her ars. They that stode

G.ij. by

by, beganne to laugh at her folyshenes, whiche to
byde a lytell faute shewed a greater.

This tale toucheth them, that wolde couer a
smalle offence with a greater wyckednesse, and as
the prouerbe sayth: Stumble at a strawe, and
leape ouer a blocke.

**Howe Alexander was moued to see
the fyrste that he mette. lxxvii.**

Whan great Alexander wolde entre in to Perse
lande with his armye, he counsayled with Apollo
of his good spede: and by lotte he was warned,
that he shulde commaunde to see the fyrst that he
mette, whan he issued out at a gate. Perchaunce
the fyrste that he mette, was a man dryuynge an
asse before hym. Incontinent the kyng comaunded
to take and put hym to dethe. whan the poore mā
sawe that they wolde see him, he said: what haue
I done? Shall I that am an innocent be putte to
deathe? Alexander to excuse his dede, sayde: He
was warned by diuine monition to commaunde to
see the fyrste, that he mette comynge out at that
gate. If it be so myghty kyng (quod the man) than
the lotte dyuine hath ordeyned an other to suffre
this dethe & not me: For the lytel asse, that I droue
before me, mette you fyrste.

whiche subtile sayenge greatly pleased Alexan-
der: for elles he had done amysse: and so he cau-
sed the beste to be slayne.

By this tale one may note, that it is better some-
tyme to be laste than fyrste.

How

Howe the cite of Lamsac was saved from destruction. Epili.

CAs great Alexander on a tyme was fully purposed to haue vtterly destroyed a great cite, called Lamsac, he sawe his mayster Anaximenes come towarde him without the walles: and bicause the kynge perceyued manifestlye, that he came to entreate hym for the cite, he sware a great othe, that he wolde nat do, that that he came to desyre hym fore. Than Anaximenes sayde: Sir I desyre your grace, that this same cite Lampfac may be vtterly destroyed. Through which sage and subtile sayeng the noble auncient citie was saved from ruine and destruction.

Howe Demosthenes defended a mayde. Epil.

There were two men on a time, the whiche leste a great somme of money in kepyng with a maiden, on this condition, that she shulde nat delyuer bit agayne, excepte they came bothe to gether for bit. Nat long after one of the cam to hir mornyngly a rayde, and sayde that his felowe was deed, and so required the money, and she delyuered it to hym. Shortly after came the tother man, and required to haue the moneye that was leste with her in kepyng. The maiden was than so sorowfull, both for lacke of the money, & for one to defende her cause, that she thought to haue her selfe. But Demosthenes that excellent oratour spake for her & layd: Sir this mayde is redy to quite her fidelite, and to delyuer agayne the money, that was leste with her in kepyng, so that thou wylt brynge thy felowe with the to resceyue it. But that he coude nat do.

Epil.

Of

Of him that desired to be made a gentylman. folij.

There was a rude clubbysshe felowe, that longe had serued the duke of Orliaunce, wherfore he cam on a tyme to the duke, and desired to be made a gentyl man. To whom the duke answered: In good feyth I may well make the ryche, but as for gentyl man I can neuer make the.

By which wordes appereth that goodes and riches do not make a gentyl man, but noble and vertuous conditions do.

Of the gentyl man and his Brewe wyfe. folij.

There was a certayne gentyl man, that had a cursed chydynge wyfe, that wente euery day, and complayned on hym to a religious man, the whiche religious man toke vpon hym by weye of confession to reconcile and accorde them to gether: and the gentyl man was very well contente, that he shoulde do, and came to him therfore. whan the gentyl man was come, the religious man badde hym shewe his offences and trespasses. To, quod the gentyl man that nedeth nat: For I knowe verye well my wyfe hath shewed vnto you all the offences that euer I dyd, and moche more.

Of the two yonge men that rode to walsyngbam. foliij.

One John Roynoldes rode oute of London vpon a tyme towarde walsyngbam, in company of a yonge man of the same cite, that hadde nat moche ben accustomed to ryde. So they came to an Inne, where as great companye was lodged.

And

And in the mornynge whan euery man made hym
redy to ryde, and some were on horsebacke setting
forwarde, John Roynoldes founde his compani-
on, syttinge in a browne study at the Inne gate: to
whom he sayd: For shame man how syttest thou,
why doste thou nat make the redy to horsebacke,
that we myght sette forwarde with companye: I
tary (quod he) for a good cause. For what cause,
quod Roynoldes? Marye (quod he) here be so
many horses, that I can nat telle whiche is myne
owne amonge the other, And I knowe well, whan
euery man is riden and gone, the horse that remai-
neth bebynde must nedes be myn.

Of the yonge man of Bruges, and his
spouse. lxxiii.

A yonge man of Bruges, that was betrouthed
to a sayre mayden, came on a tyme, whan her mo-
ther was out of the way, and had to do with her,
whan her mother was come in, anon she percey-
ued by her daughters chere, what she had done,
wherfore she was so sore displeased, that she sewed
a diuorfe, & wolde in no wyse suffre that the yonge
man shulde marye her daughter.

That longe after the same yonge man was ma-
ryed to an other mayden of the same paryshe.
And as he and his wyfe satte talkynge on a tyme
of the forsayde dammusell, to whome he was be-
troutbed, he fell in a nyce laughyng. wherat laugh-
ye quod his wyfe? It chaunced on a tyme (quod
he) that she and I dydde suche a thyng to gether,
and she tolde hit to her mother.

Theris

Therin (quod his wyfe) she playde the foole: A
seruante of my fathers playde that game with
an hundred tymes, and yet I neuer tolde my mo-
ther. whan he berde her saye so, he leste his nyce
laugbynge.

Of hym that made as he hadde
ben a chaste knyght. lxxxiii.

A felowe that toke vpon him, as he had ben the
moste chaste and beste disposed man lyuinge, was
by one of his felowes on a tyme taken in aduoutry:
and sharply rebuked for it, bycause he prated so
muche of chastite, and yet was taken in the same
faute. To whom he answerde agayne: O fool doste
thou thinke that I did hit for bodely pleasure? No
no: I dyd it but onely to subdue my flesshe, and to
purge my reynes.

wherby ye may perceyue, that of all other dis-
blyng bipocrytes are the worst.

Of hym that the olde roode fell on. lxxxv.

As a man kneled vpon a tyme prayenge before
an olde roode, the roode felle downe on him and brak
his bede: wherfore he wolde come no more in the
churche halfe a yere after. At length by the pro-
uocation of his nighbours, he cam to the churche
agayne. And bycause he sawe his nighbours knele
before the same roode, he kneled downe lyke wyse &
sayde thus: well I may cappe and knele to the, but
thou shalt neuer haue myn harte agayne as long
as I lyue.

By whiche tale appereth, that by gentyll and
curteyse

courteyse entreatinge mens myndes ben opteyned.
For though the people cappe and knele to one in
bighe authorite, yet lyttell wbotetb be, what they
thynke.

Of the wydow that wolde nat wedde
for bodily pleasure. lxxxvi.

There was a ryche wydowe, whiche desyredde
a gossyp of hers, that she wold get her an busbād:
nat for the nyce playe quod she, but to thentente be
may kepe my goodes to gether, whiche is an harde
thinge for me to do, beyng alone woman. Her gos-
syp whiche vnderstode her conceyte, promysed her
so to do. Aboute .iiii. or .iiii. dayes after she came
to her agayne, and sayde: Gossyp, I haue founde
an bus bande for you, that is a prudente, a ware, &
a wordlye wyse man, but he lacketh his priuey mē-
bers: wherof ye force nat. So to the dyuell with
that busbāde (quod the wydowe) for though that
I desyre nat the nyce playe: yet I wylle that myne
bus bande shall haue that, where with we may be
reconciled, if we falle at variance.

Of the couetous ambassadour / that
wolde here no musike. lxxxvii.

Whan a couetous man on a time was come vnto
a certain cite, whither he was sent as ambassadour
for his contrey, anon the mynstrels of the cite came
to him to fil his eares with swete din, to thintete be
shuld fyl their purses with money. But he percey-
uynge that, bad one of his seruauntes go and telle
them, that he coulde nat than intende to here their
musyke,

musicke, but he muste demene great sorow, for his mother was deed. So the minstrels disappointed of theyr purpose all sadly wente theyr waye. And whan a worshipfull man of the cite, that was his frende, herd tell of his mourning, he came to visete and comforte him. And so in talkynge together he asked, howe longe a go it was that his mother deceased? Trulye (quod he) hit is .xl. yere a go. Thā his frende, vnderstandinge his subtilte, beganne to laughe bartely.

This tale is aplied to the couetous men, whiche by al craste and meanes study to kepe and encrease theyr money and substance. Agaynst whiche vyce, many thinges ben wryten. As farre (sayth one) is that frome a couetous man, that he bath, as that he bath nat. And Diogenes calleth couetousnes, the beed of al yuels. And saynt Hieronyme calleth couetousnes the rote of all yuels. And for an example, the tale folowinge shall be of couetousnes.

**How Denise the tyrant serued a
couetous man. lxxxix.**

It was shewed to Denise the tyrant, that a couetous mā of the cite had byd a great some of money in the grounde, and lyued moste wretchedly: wherfore he sente for the man, and commaunded him to go dyg vp the money, & so to deliuer it vnto him. The man obeyed, and deliuered vnto the tyrant all the golde and treasure that he hadde: laue a small some, that he priuelye kepte a syde: where with he wente in to an other cite, and forsoke Syracuse: and there bought a lytell lande, where vpon he lyued.

ued. whan the tyran vnderstode that he hadde so done, he sent for him agayne. And whan he was come, the tyran sayde to him: Syth thou haste lered nowe to vse well thy goodes, and nat to kepe them vnprofytably, I wyll restore them all to the agayne. And so he dyd.

Of the olde man, that quenchered the boy oute of the apple tree with stones. lxxx.

As an olde mā walked on a tyme in his orchard he loked vp, and sawe a boye sytte in a tree stealinge his apples: whom he entreated with sayre wordes to come downe, and let his apples alone. And whan the olde man sawe, that the boye cared nat for him, by cause of his age, and set noughte by his wordes, he sayde: I haue harde saye, that nat onlye in wordes, but also in herbes shulde be greatte vertue: wherfore he plucked vp herbes, and beganne to throwe them at the boye, wherat the boye laughed hartelye, and thought that the olde man hadde ben mad, to thynke to driue hym out of the tree with castinge of herbes. Than the olde man sayde: well seynge that nother wordes nor herbes haue no vertue agaynste the stealer of my goodes: I wyll proue what stones wyllle do, in whiche I haue harde men saye, is great vertue: and so he gathered his lappe full of stones, and throwe them at the boye, and compelled hym to come downe and renne awaye.

This tale sheweth / that they that bene wyse, proue many wayes, before they arme them.

Of the ryche man that wolde not haue a glyster. lxxxix.

There was a certayn riche man on a tyme, whiche selle sycke: to the whose curyng came many pbisitions (for flyes by beapes flee to bonye). Amonge them all there was one that sayde: that he muste nedes take a glyster, if he wolde be holle. whā the sicke man, that was nat enyred with that medicine, harde hym saye so, he sayde in a great furre: Out a dozes with those pbisitions they be madde: For where as my payne is in my heed, they wolde beale me in myne arse.

This fable sheweth that bolsom thynges to the that lacke knowlege and experyence, seme hurtfull.

Of hym that seyned hym selfe deed to proue
what his wyfe wolde do. lxxxix.

A yonge married mā on a time to proue, to bere, and to se what his wyfe wolde do, if he were deed, came in to his house, whyle his wyfe was for the wass bynge of clothes, and layd hym downe in the floore, as he had ben deed. whan his wyfe came in, and sawe hym lye so, she thought he had ben deed in dede: wherfore she stode euen styll: and deuysed with her selfe whether was better to bewaile his dethe forth with, or els to dyne fyrste, for she had eate no meate of all the day. All other thynges consydered she determined to dyne fyrste. So she cut a coloppe of baken, and broyled it on the coles, and began to eate thereon a pace, she was so hungrye, that she toke no hede of drynke. At laste the saltenes of the meate made her to thyrste so sore, that she muste nedes drynke. So as she toke the pottle

potte in her hande, and was goyng downe into her
 seller to drawe drynke, sodaynely came one of her
 neygbours for a cole a fyre. wherfore she stepped
 backe quickly, and though she was right thyrsty,
 yet she sette the potte a syde, and as her busbande
 had than fallen downe deed, she beganne to wepe,
 and with many lamentable wordes to bewayle his
 dethe. whiche wepyng and waylyng, and sodaine
 dethe of her busbande, caused all the neygbours
 to come thither. The man laye styll in the floore,
 and so helde his brette, and closed his eyes, that he
 seemed for certayne to be deade. At laste whanne he
 thought he had made pastyme inough, & berynge
 his wyfe saye thus: Alas dere busbande what
 shall I do nowe? He looked vp and sayde: Full yll
 my swete wyfe, excepte ye go quykely and drynke.
 wherwith they al from wepyng, tourned to laugh-
 ynge, specially whan they vnderstode the matter,
 and the cause of her thyrste.

wherby ye may se, that nat without a good skyl
 the poete sayde:

Et siccant oculos erudiere suos.

Of the poure man / into whose house shene
 brake by nyghte. *lxxxiii.*

There was a poore man on a tyme, the whiche
 vnto theues, that brake into his house on nyght,
 he sayde on this wyse. Syre I maruayle, that ye
 thynke to fynde any thyng here by nyght, for I en-
 sure you I can fynd nothing, whan it is brode day.

By this tale appereth playnly

That pouerte is a welthy mysery.

D.ij.

D

Of hym that shulde haue ben hanged for
his scoffynge. lxxxiii.

There was a mery felowe in hygh Almayn, the
whiche with his scoffynge and iestyng had so mo-
che displeased a great lorde of the countrey, that
he thretned to hange hym, if euer he coude take
hym in his countrey. Nat longe after this lordes
seruauntes toke hym, and hanged he shulde be.
whanne he sawe there was no remedy but that he
shulde dye, he sayde: My lorde, I muste nedes
suffre dethe, whiche I knowe I haue wel deserued:
But yet I beseke you graunte me one petition for
my soule helthe. The lorde, at the instaunce of the
people that stode aboute, so it dydde not concerne
his lyfe, was contente to graunte it hym. Than the
felowe sayde: I desyre you my lorde, that after I
am hanged, to come. iij. mornynge fresshe and fa-
styng, and kysse me on the bare arse. where vnto
the lorde answered: The deuyll kysse thyne arse:
and so let hym go.

Of hym that had his goose stole. lxxxv.

Aman that had a goose stole from hym, went
and complayned to the curate, and desyred hym to
do so moche as helpe that he had his goose again.
The curate sayde he wolde. So on sonday the cu-
rate as though he wolde curse, wente vp in to the
pulpit, and bade euery body sit downe: So whan
they were set, he said: why sit ye nat downe? we be
set all redy, q they. Naye (q the curate) be that
dyd stele the goose sitteth nat, yes that I do, q he,
Sayste thou that, q the curate? I charge the on
peyne

peyne of cursyng, to bryng the goose home ageyn.

Of the begger that sayd he was kyn to kyng
Philip of Macedone. lxxxvi.

There came a begger to kyng Philip of Macedone on a tyme, and prayde the kyng to gyue hym some what, and farther he sayde he was his kynse man. And whan the kyng asked hym which way, he answered and sayde, howe they came bothe of Adam. Than the kyng commanded to gyue hym an almes. whan the begger sawe it was but a small pce of moneye, he sayde, that was nat a semely gyfte for a kyng. The kyng answered: If I shuld gyue euerye manne so moche, that is my kynse manne lyke as thou arte: I shulde leaue nothyng for my selfe.

Of Dantes answere to the iester. lxxxvii.

Dantes the poete dwelled a whyle with Can the prince de la Scale: with whome also dwelled an other Florentyne, that hadde neyther lernynge nor prudence, and was a man mete for nothyng, but to scoffe & ieste: but yet with his mery toyes, he so moued the sayd Can, that he dydde greatly enryche hym. And bycause Dantes dispised his foolysshenes, this scoffer said to him: How cometh it Dantes, that thou art holde so wyle and so well lerned, and yet arte poore and nedy: I am an vnlearned man & am an ignorant sole, & yet I am farre richer than thou art. To whom Dantes answered: If I may fynde a lorde lyke and cōformable to my maners, as thou haste founde to thyn: he wyll lyke
wyle

wylse make me ryche.

¶ Of hym that had sore eyes. foppysbill.

One that had sore cies, was warned of the pbsitian that he shulde in any wyse forbear drinking or els lose his cies: To whom he sayd: It is more pleasure for me, to lose myne cies with drinkynge, than to kepe them for womes to eate them oute.

By this tale ye may perceyue / that it auayleth nat to warne some for they: owne profytte.

¶ Of the olde woman that had sore eyes foppip.

There was an olde woman the whiche bargayned with a surgean to beale her sore eyes: and whanne he hadde made her cies hole, and that she sawe better she couenaunted that he shulde be payde his moneye, and not before. So he layde a medycyne to her eyes, that shulde not be taken awaye the space of .v. dayes. In whiche tyme she mygbte nat loke vppe. Euery daye, whan he came to dresse her he bare awaye some what of her house holde stouffe, table clothes candelstikes, and disshes: He left no thinge / that he coulde carye clene. So whan her cies were hole, she looked vp, and sawe that her householde stouffe was caryede awaye, she sayde to the surgian, that came and required his money for his labour: Syr my promise was to pay you, whan ye made me se better than I did before: That is trouth, quod he. Mary, quod she, but I se worse nowe than I did. Before ye layde medycine to myn cies, I saw moche fayre stouffe in myn house, and now I se nothinge at all.

¶

¶ Of hym that had the custodi of a waarde. *pc.*

CA certayn man, that had the custody of a ward and his goodes/ and in shorte space had spente all awaye: was by the gouernour of the cite commanded to bring in his bookes of Introitus et epitus/ that is to saye, of entraunce and layenge oute: and to gyue accompte of the Di:plins goodes. So whā he came, he shewed fyrste his mouthe, and sayde Here it wente in: and after he shewed vp his arse, and sayde: Here bit wente out: and other bookes of Introitus et epitus I haue none.

¶ Of the excellent paynter, that had foule chyldren. *pci.*

CThere was a peinter in Rome that was an excellent counnyng man: and bycause he had foule chyldren, One sayde to him: By my feyth I maruaile that you paynte so goodelye, and gette so foule chyldren: yea, quod the peynter, I make my chyldren in the darke/ and I peynte those fyures by daye lyght.

¶ Of the scoffer that made a man a south sayer. *pcii.*

CThere was a mery scoffyng felowe on a tyme, the whiche toke on him to teach a mā to be a south sayer: whan they were agreedde, what he shuld haue for his labour: the scoffer sayde to the man holde, eate this rounde pellet, and I warant thou shalte be a south sayer. The man toke and put it in his mouth, and began to champe thereon, but bit sauered so ill, that he spyt it out forth with, & said:
I Pby,

Thy, this pellet that thou gyueste me to eate, sauereth all of a turde: Thou sayst trouth (quod the scoffer) Nowe thou arte a south sayer, and therefore paye me my money.

Of the marchaunt of florence called Charles. p.iii.

A marchaunt of Florence called Charles, came frome Auignone to Rome: And as he sate at souper with a great company, one asked him how the Florentins at Auignone fared: he sayde they were merye and gladde. For they that dwelle there a yere (quod he) be as men that were franticke and out of theyr myndes. Than an other that sate at souper with them asked this Charles, how longe he had dwelled there. He answerde. vi. monethes. Charles (quod he that asked him the questiō) thou haste a great wytte: For bit, that other be about. xii. monethes, thou hast fulfylled in balse a yere.

Of the cheshire man called Eulyn. p.iiii.

Ther dwelled a man in Cheshire called Eulyn, whiche vsed to go to the towne many tymes, and there he wolde sytte drynkyng tyl. xii. of the clocke at nyghte, and than go home. So on a tyme he carryed a lyttell boye his sonne on his shulder with him, and whan the chyld fell a slepe about. ix. of the clocke, the ale wyfe brought him to bed with her chyldren. At mydnyghte Eulyn wente home, & thought no more on his chyld. Alsone as he came home his wyfe asked for her chyld. whā she spake of the chyld he lokyd on his shulder, and whan he sawe he was not ther, he said he wist nat where he

he was. Out vpo the hors (qð sbe) thou hast let mi
child fal in to the water (for he passed ouer the water
of Dee at a brige) Thou list bore (qð be) for if he had
fallen in to the water, I shuld haue bard him plūp.

Of him that desired to be set vpo the pillori. p. 2v.

There were .iii. loyttering felowes sell in com-
panye on a tyme: the whiche wente so longe to ge-
ther tyll all they: money was spente. whan their
money was gone, one of them sayd: what shal we
do now? By my faith (qð an other) if I might come
where pzeace of people were, I coulde get moneye
inough for vs. And I (qð the .iii.) can assēble people
to gether lyghtly. So whan they came in to a lyt-
telle towne, where a newe pillory was sette vp, he
that sayde he coude lyghtly assemble people to ge-
ther, went to the bayly of the towne, whiche was
a boucher, and desyred him, that he wolde gyue
him leaue to haue the maidenheed of the pyllory.
whiche requeste at the fyrste abass bed the bayllye:
for he wylt not what he mente therby: wherfore he
toke coufayle of his neighbours, what was best to
do, & they bade him set vp the knaue & spare nat.
So whā he was on the pillorye, he loked aboute,
& sawe his .ii. felowes busy in the boles of the bou-
chers aprons, wher thei vsed to put they: money:
thā he said: Ther now go to a pace. The people ga-
ped vp styll & laughed. & whā he saw that his felo-
wes had sped their maters, & were going away, he
said to the peple: Now turne the pilori ones about
& thā I wyl com downe: So they laughing hartily
did, whā the felow was com downe frō the pyllory,
J.ii. the

the baylic sayde to hym : By my saythe thou arte
a good felowe, and by cause thou haste made vs
so good sporte, holde I wyll gyue the a grote to
drynke : and so putte his bande in the hole of his
apron, but there he founde neuer a peny : Lockes
armes (quod the bayllye) my pourse is pycked,
and my moneye is gone. Syr (quod the felowe)
I truste ye wyll beare me recorde, that I haue bit
nat. No by the masse quod he, thou were on the
pyllozie the whyle. Than no force quod the felow,
and wente his waye.

Of the wydowes daughter that was sent to the
abbot with a couple of capons. *¶* **¶**

There was an abbot that had a wydowe to his
tenant, which wydow on a tyme sent her doughter
with a couple of capons to the abbotte. And whan
the mayden came with her present, she founde the
abbot sytting at dyner, to whom she sayd : Woch
good dutte the my lorde. Va welcome mayden q
be. My lorde (quod she) my mother hath sent the
here a couple of capons. God a mercy mayden, qd
be. And so he made her to be sette downe atte his
owne table to eat some meate. Amonge other mea
tes, the abbotte had than a grene goose with forcill
sauc, wherof he dyd eat. So one that sat at the
abbottes table, gaue the rompe of the goose to the
mayde to picke thereon. She toke the rompe in her
bande, and bycause she sawe the abbot and other
wete their meate in the forcill sauc, she sayde. My
lorde, I pray the gyue me leue to wete myn arse in
thy grene sauc.

Of

Of the two men, that dranke a pynte of
whyte wyne to gether. pLxii.

There came two homely men of the countreye
in to a tauerne on a tyme to drinke a pynte of wine.
So they satte styll, and wyste not what wyne to
calle for. At last, berynge euerye man call for white
wyne as clere as water of the rocke, They bad the
drawer brynge the a pynte of whyte wyne as clere
as water of the rocke. The drawer seying and per-
ceuyng by their wordes that they were but blont
felowes, he brought the a pinte of clere water. The
one of them fylled the cuppe, & dranke to his fellow,
and sayd: Holde neighbour, by masse, chadde as
lese drynke water, saue only for the name of wyne.

Of the doctour that went with the fouler to
catche byrdes. pLxiii.

There was a doctour on a tyme, whiche desired
a fouler, that went to catche byrdes with an owle,
that he might go with hym. The byrder was con-
tent, & dressed hym with bowes, and set hym by his
oule, and bad hym say nothyng. whan he saw the
byrdes a lyght a pace, he sayde: There be many
byrdes alyghted, drawe thy nettes: where with
the byrdes flewe awaye. The byrder was very an-
gry, & blamed him greatly for his speakyng. Than
he promysed to holde his peace. whan the byrder
was in agayn, & many byrdes were alyghted, may-
ster doctour said in latyn, *Aues permulce adsunt.* wher
with the byrdes flewe away. The byrder came out
ryghte angrye and sore displeased and sayde: that
by his bablyng, he had twyse losse his pray. why
J. iij. thyns

thynkest thou foole (quod the doctour) that the
birdes do vnderstand latin? This doctour thought
that the vnderstandynge, and nat the noyse hadde
seared away the byrdes.

Of hym that undertoke to teache an asse to rede. p. lxx.

There was a certayne tyran, the which to pylle
one of his subiectes of his goodes, commaunded
hym to teache an asse to spelle and rede. He sayd it
was impossible, except he might haue space inough
therto. And whan the tyran bade hym aske what
tyme he wolde, he desyred. x. yeres respite. But
yet bycause he vnderroke a thyng impossible, eue-
rye bodye laughed hym to scorne. He tourned to-
warde his frendes and sayde: I am nothyng af-
frayde: for in that space, either I, the asse, or elles
my lorde may dye.

By whiche tale appereth, that it is bolsome to
take leysur inough, aboute a thyng that is harde
to do, specially whanne a man can nat chose to take
hit on bande.

Of the fryer that confessed the woman. l.

As a fayre yong woman of the towne of Amilie
confessed her to a friere, he beganne to burne so in
concupiscence of the flesshe, that he entyced her to
consente to his wylle. And they agreed, that she
shulde feyne her selfe sycke, and sende for hym to
sbyue her. within. iij. dayes after she feyned her
selfe sycke, and laye downe in her bedde, and sente
for the same fryere to sbyue her. whan the friere
was come, & every body voided out of the chābre,
be

he went to bedde to the woman, and there laye a longe space with her. Her husbände suspectyng so longe a confession, came in to the chaumbre: whose sodayne comynge, so sore abass bed the fryer, that he went his way and lefte his breche behynde him lyenge on the bedde. whan her husbände sawe the breche, he sayd a loude: This was nat a frier, but an aduouterer: And for great abbomination of the dede he called all his householde to se hit. And forthwith he went and complayned to the warden of that couent: and threined to see hym, that had done the dede. The wardyen to appease his anger sayde, that suche publysshynge was to the shame of hym and his householde. The mā said: the breche was so openly founde, that he coude nat hyde it, The warden to remedy the matter sayde, it was saynt Fraunces breche, an holy relyke, that his brother caryed thither for the womans helth, and that he and his couent wolde come and fetch hit home with procession. with those wordes the man was contente. Anone the warden and his frieres, with the crosse before them, and arayed in holy vestementes, went to the house and toke vpp the breche, and two of them on a clothe of sylke, bare it solcmlye on bygbe betwene theyr bandes: and euerye bodye that mette them, kneled downe and kyssed it. So with great ceremony and songe: they brought it home to their couente. But after whanne this was knowen, ambassadours of the same citie, wente and complayned therof before the holy see apostolyke,

Dowe

Howe a chaplen of Louen decey-
ued an vsurer. 2.

In the towne of Louen was a chaplayne called
Antonye, of whose merye sayenges and doynge
is moche talkyng. As he mette on a daye one or
two of his acqueyntaunce, he desyred them home
with him to dyner: but meate had he none/ nor mo-
ney. There was no remedy, but to make a shewe.
Forth he goth, and in to an vsurers kytchynne,
with whome he was famylier: and priuelye vnder
his gowne he caryed oute the pottle with meate/
that was sod for the vsurers dyner. whan he came
home, he putte oute the meate, and made the pot
to be scoured bryght, & sente a boye with the same
pot to the vsurer to borowe .ii. grotes thereon: and
bade the boye take a bylle of his bande, that suche
a brasse pottle he deliuered him. The boye did as
he was bydde: and with the money that he hadde
of the vsurer, he bought wine for theyr dyner. whā
the vsurer shulde go to dyner, the pottle and meate
was gone, wherfore he all to chydde his mayde.
She said there came no bodye of all the daye / but
syz Antony. They asked him: and he sayde he had
none. At length they sayde in erneste, he and no mā
els had the pot. By my sayth (quod he) I borow-
ed suche a pottle vpon a tyme, but I sente hit home
agayne: and so called witnes to them, and sayde:
Lo howe peryllous it is to deale with men nowe a
dayes withoute wrytyng: They wolde lay theste
to my charge, and if I had no wrytyng of the vsu-
rers bande. And so he shewed oute the wrytyng.
And whan they vnderstode the disceyte, there was
good

good laughynge.

Of the same chapsen and one that spited him. Cii.

The same Antony dyed on a tyme with a sorte of merye felowes. Amonge whome there was one that greatly spited him in his scoffes and merye iestes. And as they sate laughynge and sporting, one asked whiche was the most reuerent part of mans bodye, one sayd the eie, an other the nose, but Antony, bycause he knew his enuyr wolde name the cleene contrarye, sayde the mouth was the moste reuerent parte: Naye quod his enuyr, the parte that we sytte on is the moste reuerent. And bicause they meruayled whye / he made this reason, that he was moste honourable amonge the common people, that was fyrst sette. And the parte that he named was fyrste sette. whiche sayenge contented them, and they laughed merelye: He was nat a lit tell proude of his sayenge, and that he hadde ouercome Antonye. This past forth, four or syue dayes after they were bothe bydde to dyner in a nother place. whā Antony cam in he found his enuier that sat talkynge with other, whyle the diner was makinge redy. Antony tourned his backe to him and lette a great farte agaynst his face. His enuyr greatlye disdayninge sayde: walke knaue with a myschiefe, where hast thou ben nourtered. why, and dysdaynest thou qd Antony, if I had saluted the with my mouthe, thou woldest haue saluted me agayne: and nowe I grete the with that parte of my body, that by thyne owne sayenge is moste honourable, thou callest me knaue.

K

Thus

Thus he got agayne his praise, that he hadde loste before.

Of the olde man that put him selfe in
his sonnes handes. L.iii.

There was a certayne olde man, whiche let his sonne to mary, and to brynge his wyfe and his chyldren, to dwelle witbin him, and to take all the house in to his owne bande and gydinge. So a certeyne tyme the olde man was sette and kepte the vpper ende of the table, afterwarde they sette him lower, aboute the myddes of the table, thyrde ly they set him at the nether ende of the table, fourth ly he was set amonge the seruantes, fyfth ly they made him a couche bebynde the halle dore, and cast on him an olde sacke clothe. Nat longe after the olde man died. whan he was deed / the yonge mans sonne came to him and sayde: Father I prey you gyue me this olde sacke cloth, that was wonte to couer my graundfather / what woldest thou do with it sayde his father? forsoth, sayd the chylde, it shall serue to couer you whā ye be olde, lyke as it did my graundfather. At whiche wordes of the chylde this man ought to haue ben ashamed and sozry. For it is wryten. Sonne reuerence and helpe thy father in his olde age, and make him not thoughtfull and heuy in his lyfe, and thought be dote, forgyue it him. He that honoretb his father, shall lyue the longer, and shall reioyce in his owne chyldren.

C Of hym that had a flye peynted
in his shilde. Ciiii.

A yonge man that on a tyme went a warfare,
caused a flye to be peynted in his shylde, euen of
the very greatnes of a flyg: wherfore some laughed
at him and sayde, ye do well, because ye wyll not
be knowen. yes quod he, I do it because I wyll be
knowen and spoken of. For I wyll approch so nere
our enemyes, that they shal well decerne what ar-
mes I beare.

Thus it that was layde to him for a blame of
cowardise, was by his sharpe wytte turned to a
shewe of manlynes.

And the noble and valiaunt Archidamus sayde
shotte of crossebowes, synges, and suche lyke in-
gins of warre are no proffe of manhode, but whan
they come and syghte bande to bande, appereth
who be men and who be not.

C Of the emperour Augus-
tus and the olde
men. cv.

As the noble emperour Augustus on a time came
in to a bayne, he behelde an olde man that hadde
done good seruice in the warres, frotte him selfe a-
gaynste a marble pyller for lacke of one to helpe
to wasshe him, the emperour moued with pite gaue
an annuite to synde hym and a seruauit to wayte
vpon him. whan this was knowen a great sorte
of olde men drew to gether, and stode
K.ij. where

where as the emperour shulde passe forth by, euer
rye one of them rubbynge his owne backe with
a marble stone. The emperour demaunded why
they dyd so? Bycause noble emperour, sayd they,
we be not able to kepe seruantes to do it. why quod
the emperour, one of you maye clawe and frote an
others backe well inough.

¶ Phociens oration to the Athens. Cvi.

C Phocion on a daye treatynge a longe oration to
the people of Athens, plesed them very wel. And
whan he sawe, that they all to gether allowed his
wordes, he tourned to his frendes and sayd. Haue
I vnwarly spoken any hurte? So moche he per-
swaded bym selfe, that nothyng coude plesse them
that was well and truely spoken.

¶ Of Demosthenes and Phocion. Cvii.

C Demosthenes sayde to Phocion: If the Athe-
niens falle ones in a madnes, they woll see the. To
whom he answered: ye surely, if they waxe madde
they woll see me, but if they waxe ones wyse, they
wyll see the. So: Demosthenes spake moche to the
peoples pleasure, and spake thynges rather delyta-
ble than holsome.

¶ Of Phocion that refused Alexanders gyfte. Cviii.

C what tyme Alexander kynge of Macedone sent
an hundred besautes of golde for a gyfte to Pho-
cion, he asked them that brought the money, how
it came, that Alexander sent it to bym alone, seying
there were many other me in Athens beside him.
They

They answered, bycause he ingeth you alone to be an honest and a good man. Therefore, quod he, let hym suffre me to be taken and to be suche one styll.

who wolde not wonder at the cleane and vncorrupt courage of this Phocion? He was but a poore man, yet the greatnes of the gyft coude not bing moue hym. Besyde also he shewed, that they, the whiche, while they mynistre the common welthe, absteyne not from takyng of gyftes, neyther be nor ought not to be taken for good men.

Of Denyse the tyzanne and his sonne. *Lij.*

What tyme Denyse the tyzanne vnderstode that his sonne that shulde reigne after hym, had commytted aduoutry with a worshipfull mans wyfe, angerly he sayde to hym, Dyd I, thy father, euer suche a dede? The yonge man answered. No, ye had not a kynge to your father. Nor thou, sayde Denyse, art not lyke to haue a sonne a kynge, excepte thou leaue commyttrynge of suche wyckedde dedes.

Of Pomponius the Romaine / that was brought before Misibudates. *Lx.*

Pomponius a noble man of Rome / sore hurt and wounded, was taken and brought before Misibudates, whiche asked hym this questyon. If I cure and heale thy woundes, wylte thou than be my frende? He answered hym agayne thus. If thou wylte be a frende to the Romaines, thou shalt than haue me thy frende.

R. iij.

This

This was a noble stomacke, that preferred the
welth of his countrey before his owne belth.

¶ Of Titus and the lesser. Lxi.

¶ Suetonius sheweth that Titus the father pro-
uoked a scoffer, that stode iesting with euery body,
that he shulde lyke wyse saye somewhat to hym :
I woll, sayde the scoffer, after ye haue done youre
easement. He iested at the emperours countenance,
be loked alway as one that streyned hym selfe.
On suche a visaged man writeth Martiall.

*Hære lactucis, ac mollibus hære maluis.
Nam faciem durum Phæbe carantis habes.*

¶ Of Scipio Nasica and Ennius
the poete. Lxii.

¶ When Scipio Nasica came on a tyme to speake
with Ennius the Poete, he asked his mayde at
the doore, if he were within, and she sayde, he was
not at home. But Nasica perceyued, that her
mayster badde her say so, and that he was within :
but for that tyme dissemblynge the matter, he
wente his waye. within a fewe dayes after Ennius
came to Nasica, and knockynge at the doore, asked
if he were within. Nasica hym selfe spake oute a
loude, and sayd, he was not at home. Then sayde
Ennius. what manne, thynke you that I knowe
not your voyce? wherevnto Nasica aun-
sweredde and sayde, what a dishoneste man be
you?

you: whan I fought you, I beleued your mayue,
that sayde ye were not at home, and ye wyll not
beleue me myn owne selfe.

**¶ Of Fabius Minutius / and his
sonne. Lxiii.**

CFabius Minutius was of his sonne exhorted
on a tyme to gette and conquere a place that was
mete for them, and to they: great auantage: the
whiche thyng he sayde, they myght do with the
losse of a fewe men. wyll ye be one of those fewe,
sayde Fabius to his sonne?

Therby shewynge, that it is a poynt of a good
capiteyne to care for the lest of his souldiours, and
to saue them as nere as he coude.

The emperour Antonius Pius loued moche this
sentence of Scipio, whiche wolde ofte saye: I
hadde leauer saue one citezen, thanne see a thou-
sande ennemyes.

**¶ Of Aurelian / that was displeased, because the cite
Tyana was closed agaynst hym. Lxiiii.**

Cwhat tyme the emperour Aurelian came to the
cylie Tyana, he founde hit closed agaynst hym,
wherfore all angerly he sayde: I woll not leaue a
dogge a lyue in this towne. whiche wordes re-
ioyced moche his menne of warre, by cause of
the great praye and botye, that they thoughte to
wynne there. One of the citezins, called Vera-
damon, for feare lest he shuld be slayne amonge the
other,

other betrayed the cyte. whan Aurelian had taken
the citie, the fyrste thinge he dyd, he slewe De-
radamon the traytour to his contrey. And
to his souldiors, that came to hym and
desyred, that they myght accordynge
to his promyse/ ouerren and spoile
the cyte, he answered: Go to, I
sayde, I wolde nat leaue a
dogge a lyue, spare nat,
kyl al the dogges in
the towne.

By this meane the gentyl prince,
rewarded the traytoure
accordynge to his de-
seruinge, and dis-
pointed the co-
uetise of his
souldy-
ours.

Printed at London in Fleetestrete,
in the house of Thomas Bertbelet,
nere to the Lundite, at the
sygne of Lucrece.
Cum priuilegio.



